

★ Aug. 6, 1932

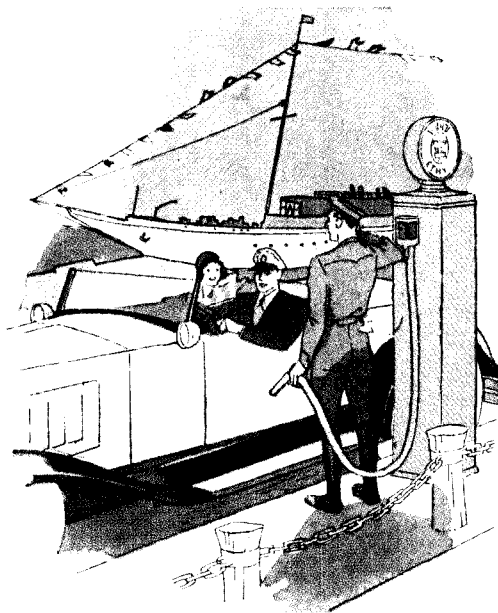
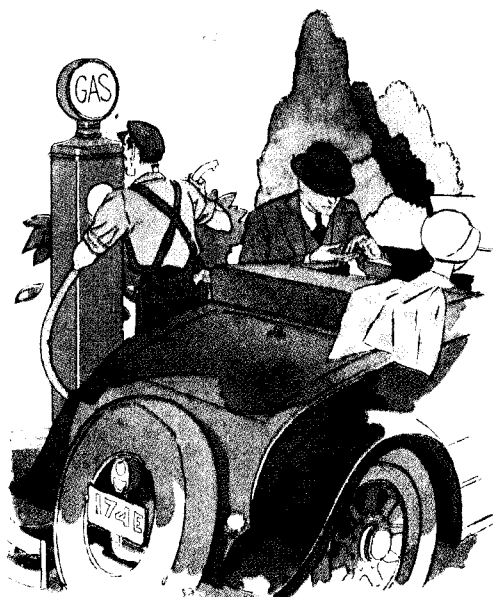
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THE NEW YORKER





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ABOVE ON THE LEFT: The characteristic "carbon yellow" color of ordinary gasoline, caused by glowing particles of free carbon. RIGHT: Ethyl Gasoline is burning with a clean blue flame. Below, views of the same two flames 1/700th of a second later.



LEFT: Ordinary gasoline at the instant of knock. All the remaining gasoline exploded! RIGHT: Ethyl Gasoline at the same stage of combustion. The Ethyl fluid it contains prevented the knocking explosion that causes harmful overheating and power-waste.



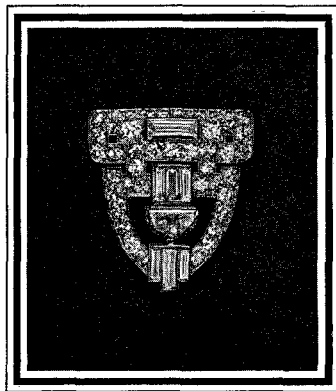
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NEW YORK

PARIS LONDON

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m., and that the midweek matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—A play of family life in the mass which is so good as to be practically the last word on the subject. Glenn Anders, Dorothy Stickney, Margaret Wycherly, John Beal, Margaret Hamilton, and others. (Booth, 45, W. 8:50 p.m. Mats. 2:40 p.m.)

BRIDAL WISE—A farce about divorce which isn't much on construction or plot, but has a great many hearty laughs in it, thanks to two small boys (one black). Madge Kennedy and James Rennie also help. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 p.m. Mats. 2:40 p.m.)

WITH MUSIC

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Beautiful Kern music in a lovely production, but not much else. Perhaps one shouldn't ask for anything else. Georges Metaxa and Bettina Hall are in it. (Cohan, B'way at 43.)

OF THREE I SING—A merry poke at the fat stomach of Washington, D.C., funny and worth seeing. Contains Victor Moore and William Gaxton, has a book by Kaufman and Ryskind, and a Gershwin score. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SHOW BOAT—If you saw this before, as you unquestionably did, see it again just to prove that you were right. It is about as good as they ever will come. With Norma Terris, Dennis King, Helen Morgan, Charles Wininger, Puck and White, and Paul Robeson. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50.)

SUMMER STOCK

THE HAMPTON PLAYERS—"Six Is Company," a new play by Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Herbert Agar: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. (Parrish Memorial Hall, Herrick Rd., Southampton, L.I. 9 p.m.) . . . Wed., Aug. 10. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton. 9 p.m.) . . . Thurs., Aug. 11. (Quogue Field Club. 9 p.m.) . . . Fri., Aug. 12. (Westhampton Country Club. 9 p.m.)

HARMON—"Tiger Hour," a new melodrama by Edwin L. and Albert Barker, with Reed Brown, Jr., and John Westley: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. (Croton River Playhouse, Albany Post Rd., adjacent to Nikko Inn, Harmon, N.Y.)

HUNTINGTON—Henry Hull in "The Bride the Sun Shines On": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. (Huntington High School Theatre, E. Main St., Huntington, L.I. Mat. Sat. 2:40 p.m.)

MILLBROOK—"The Silver Cord," with G. P. Huntley, Jr.: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. "Men Must Fight," a new play by S. K. Lauren and R. Lawrence, with Margaret Sullivan: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 8-13. (Millbrook Theatre, Millbrook, N.Y. Mats. Fridays 2:30 p.m.)

MOUNT KISCO—"Paris Bound," with Margaret Sullivan: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. "The Silver Cord," with G. P. Huntley, Jr.: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 8-13. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Old Bedford Rd., Mt. Kisco, N.Y. Mats. Fridays 2:30 p.m.)

NEWPORT—"The Man in Possession," with Violet Heming and Harry Ellerbe: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. "Caprice," with Violet Heming and Frederic Worlock: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 9-13. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. 9 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. 8:15 p.m.; Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 p.m.)

NYACK—Rockland Producing Company. "Street Fiddler," a new play by Erik Barnouw: Fri., Aug. 5. (Broadway Theatre, Nyack, N.Y., Route 9W.)

SCARBOROUGH—"These Gay Romans," a new comedy by Guido Nadzo, with Joanna Roos and Eduardo Ciannelli: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. "The Great Fombombo," a new comedy by David Wallace, with Suzanne Caubaye: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 10-13. (Beechwood Theatre, Albany Post Rd., Scarborough, N.Y.)

SHARON—"Strange Gods," a new play by Jessica Ball, with Katherine Wilson and Pedro de Cordoba: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 13. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

and 6. (Sharon Playhouse, Sharon, Conn. Mat. Sat. 3 p.m.)

STOCKBRIDGE—"There's Always Juliet," with Patricia Collinge and Geoffrey Wardwell: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. Cornelia Otis Skinner in "Wives of Henry VIII": Sat. Aft., Aug. 6, at 2:45. "Broken Dishes," with Donald Meek: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 8-13. (Berkshire Playhouse, Main St., Stockbridge, Mass. Mat. Wed. 2:45 p.m.)

WESTPORT—The New York Repertory Company, with June Walker and Osgood Perkins. "The School for Lovers": Fri., Aug. 5, and Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. "For Husbands Only": Sat. and Thurs., Aug. 6 and 11. "Chrysalis": Mon. and Tues., Aug. 8 and 9. "Thoroughbred": Wed., Aug. 10. (Country Playhouse, Boston Post Rd., Westport, Conn.)

WHITE PLAINS—"The Bachelor Tax," a new play by Louis Friedland: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. "The Royal Family," with Henrietta Crossman: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 8-13. (Westchester County Center, Bronx River Pkway at Central Ave., White Plains, N.Y.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhineland 4-3034)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
OF ALL THINGS	15
PROFILES	19
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	24
A REPORTER AT LARGE	26
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
PARIS FASHIONS CABLE	36
FEMININE FASHIONS	36
THE RACE TRACK	40
THE CURRENT CINEMA	41
THE TENNIS COURTS	43
BOOKS	46

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 45TH STREET

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—Eddy Duchin's music and Mr. Urban's flowery décor should make you forget the heat.*

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—The highest spot in town for dinner and supper dancing. Music by Scotti's orchestra.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—A magnificent view, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra, an Argentine tango band, and dances by Dario and Diane.*

STARLIGHT ROOF, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—This newest of roof gardens has Jack Denny and his orchestra playing for dinner and supper.*

MORE ROOFS—Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920), with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra as the big attraction.* . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn Heights (Main 4-8100), overlooking the harbor, with good dance music by Freddy Martin and his Mariners. . . . St. Moritz Sky Salon, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800), with Harold Stern's orchestra.

Still others: Astor Roof, B'way at 44, roomy and cool; McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34, Eddie Lane's orchestra; Park Central Roof, 7 Ave. at 55, Noble Sissle's band; and Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33, Buddy Rogers and orchestra. . . . Not a roof, but cool and airy: Hotel New Yorker Summer Terrace, 8 Ave. at 34.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical Broadway noise and frivolity, including a naked revue: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant enough, and not too costly.

HARLEM—Two of the large and better-known places, with revues at 12:30 and 2, are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630).

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq. and open until 2 a.m.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Outdoor dining and dancing in pleasant surroundings.

CALAIS, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 5128)—Has that clown, Jean Malin, to entertain you. Revues at 7:30, midnight, and 2 a.m.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham Pkway (City Island 8-1763)—George Olsen's band, and a show at dinner and supper time.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—With Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians furnishing the music—and what music!

POST LODGE, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N.Y. (Larchmont 2660)—Arthur C. Hand's Westchester dancing place. Music by Ernie Holst's orchestra.

WOODMANSTEN INN, Williamsbridge Rd. at Pelham Pkway (Talmadge 2-9818)—Art Jarrett and his orchestra.

NOTES—Charlie Journal presides over the Montmartre Friday Supper Club, with music by Leon Belasco, every Fri. Eve. from 10 p.m., at Vivian Johnson's, Monmouth Beach, near Rumson, N.J. (Monmouth Beach 2298).

For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Seranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759), noted for its excellent (and expensive) cuisine.

For Coney Island seafood dinners (and dancing) you might try: Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshay Bay; or Feltman's Maple Gardens, Surf Ave., Coney Island.

MOTION PICTURES

CONGORILLA—At home with the pygmies. Among those present: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; continuous from 11 a.m.)

FREAKS—Some snooping around circus society, which isn't meant for the dainty. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 11 and 12; continuous from 1 p.m.)

(Continued on page 4)

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription \$5.00. Vol. VIII, No. 25, August 6, 1932. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



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(Continued from page 2)

GRAND HOTEL—Haven't you seen this yet? The big Garbo picture. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Probably your last chance to see this picture of speakeasy life, with Paul Lukas, Sidney Fox, and Lewis Stone. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Mon., Aug. 8, only; continuous from 2 P.M.)

NOTE—Revivals at the Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.—René Clair's "Sous les Toits de Paris," Sun. through Wed., Aug. 7-10; "Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien," the charming Viennese operetta, Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 11-13; continuous from noon.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Bring 'Em Back Alive," animals and their pranks in the Malayan jungle as Frank Buck describes them; "Madame Racketeer," Alison Skipworth as a grand lady crook in a pretty funny farce; "Scarface," the Howard Hughes film of gunmen and their ways; "Winner Take All," James Cagney's boxing picture, very entertaining in its way.

Newsreels at the Embassy, B'way at 46 (continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight); and at the Trans-Lux Theatres, Madison at 58, and B'way between 49 and 50 (continuous from 11 A.M. to midnight).

ART

AMERICANS—Paintings and water colors by the middle group of Americans, including Lawson, Schnakenberg, Marsh, Luks, du Bois, Beal, etc.: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Group show of French Impressionists, for the summer: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MASTERS—"The Taste of Today in Masterpieces of Painting before 1900." Represented are Titian, Tintoretto, El Greco, Brueghel, Rubens, Corot, Delacroix, Renoir, Gauguin, Van Gogh, etc.: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MIXED—French moderns, and Americans, including Picasso, Dufy, Lurcat, Derain, Matisse, Eilshemius, Stella, Bouché, etc.: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 12.

MODERN—Summer show of paintings and sculpture, with special loans from private collections: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

PRINTS—A selected group covering six centuries, including Dürer, Rembrandt, Forain, Daumier, Zorn, and many others. Also, a complete set of the "Cries of London" in color: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Coates conducting, concerts nightly at 8:30. Riesenfeld will conduct the Albertina Rasch Ballet performances on Tues. and Wed. Eves., Aug. 9 and 10: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:45, and Sun. Eve., at 8:30, on Central Park Mall (72 St. entrance). . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:45, on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

NEW YORK ORCHESTRA—Altschuler conducting, concerts nightly, except Mon., at 8:30: George Washington Stadium, St. Nicholas Ave. at 194. (Take B'way subway to W. 191 St. Sta.)

NOTE—Free half-hour organ concerts are being given daily (except Sat. and Sun.) in Carnegie Hall, 7 Ave. at 57, at 12:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

PAUL ROBESON—Soloist in Kodak Hour: Fri. Eve., Aug. 5, at 9, over WABC.

N.B.C. CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Sodero con-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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ducting: nightly (except Sun. and Mon.) at 11:15, over WJZ.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Berezowsky conducting: nightly (except Sat. and Sun.) at 11:30; and Sun. Aft. at 3, over WABC.

LITTLE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—James conducting: Sat. Eves., Aug. 6 and 13, at 8, over WOR.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Coates conducting: Sat. Eves., Aug. 6 and 13, and Sun. Eve., Aug. 7, at 8:30, over WABC.

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eves., Aug. 6 and 13, at 9, over WEA; Sun. Eve., Aug. 7, at 9:15, and Tues. Eve., Aug. 9, at 9:30, over WJZ.

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Two-piano recital: Mon. Eve., Aug. 8, at 9:45, over WABC.

NEW YORK ORCHESTRA—Altschuler conducting: Thurs. Eve., Aug. 11, at 9, over WEA.

OLYMPIC GAMES—Résumé of each day's events: broadcast nightly at 11:15, over WABC; at midnight, over WJZ.

RICHARD B. BENNETT—Prime Minister of Canada, and others, speaking at the opening of the Welland Ship Canal: Sat. Aft., Aug. 6, at 2:45, over WABC; at 3, over WJZ.

PRESIDENT HOOVER—Notification and acceptance speech, broadcast from Constitution Hall, Washington: Thurs. Eve., Aug. 11, at 10:15, over WABC and WEA.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds (Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:20 P.M.): Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6; Giants vs. Chicago, Sun. through Wed., Aug. 7-10; Giants vs. Brooklyn, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Lightweight championship, Tony Canzonieri vs. Billy Petrolle, 15 rounds: Madison Square Garden Bowl, Northern Blvd. at 45 St., Long Island City, Mon. Eve., Aug. 8; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take I.R.T.-Flushing subway from Times Sq. or Grand Central to Bliss St. Sta.; or L.I.R.R. from Penn. Sta. to Woodside.)

DOG SHOW—Atlantic City Kennel Club, Atlantic City, N.J., Sat., Aug. 6.

GOLF—New Jersey Open Championship, Jumping Brook Country Club, Asbury Park, N.J., Wed. through Fri., Aug. 10-12.

HORSE SHOWS—Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N.J., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5 and 6. . . . East Hampton Riding Club Show, East Hampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 13. . . . Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn., Sat., Aug. 13.

POLO—High-goal play, Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sun. Aft. at 4, weather permitting.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: races weekdays at 3 P.M. The United States Hotel Stakes and the Wilson will be run Sat., Aug. 6. (Train leaves Grand Central at 10:45 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.)

SPEEDBOAT RACES—Gold Cup races, Lake Montauk, L.I., Sat., Aug. 13.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I., last two days, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Aug. 5 and 6. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 9:57 A.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Stamford Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Aug. 6; Huguenot Yacht Club, New Rochelle, Sat. Aft., Aug. 13. . . . New York Yacht Club cruise: rendezvous at Glen Cove, Tues., Aug. 9; to New Haven, Aug. 10; to New London, Aug. 11; to Newport, Aug. 12; to Mattapoisett, Aug. 13.

Swimming pools: Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.); Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight); Sutton, 330 E. 56 (open until 10:30 P.M.); and London Terrace, 470 W. 24 (open until 11 P.M.). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) may be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta.

For women only: Barbizon, Lexington at 63 (open until 9 P.M.); and A.W.A. Clubhouse, 353 W. 57 (open 11:30 A.M. to 2 P.M., 4:30 to 6:30, and 8 to 9:45 P.M.).

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

DOG SHOWS—Rhode Island Kennel Club, Newport, R.I., Aug. 21. . . . Storm King Kennel Club, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y., Sept. 10.

GOLF—Walker Cup Matches, The Country Club, Brookline, Mass., Sept. 1 and 2. . . . National Amateur, Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 12-17. . . . Westchester Open, Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle, N.Y., Sept. 27-29. . . . Women's National, Salem Country Club, Peabody, Mass., Sept. 26-Oct. 1.

HORSE SHOWS—Montauk, L.I., Aug. 16 and 17. . . . North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L.I., Aug. 26 and 27. . . . Lake Placid, N.Y., Aug. 25-27. . . . Mineola, L.I., Sept. 14-16. . . . Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 17.

HUNT RACES—Adjacent Hunts Racing Assoc., Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 17.

MUSIC—Goldman Band outdoor concerts end Aug. 18. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Coates conducting, Lewisohn Stadium, nightly through Aug. 22, end of season.

POLO—Open Championship and Monty Waterbury Cup, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., early in Sept.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y., through Sept. 3. . . . Belmont Park, Sept. 5-17.

SPEEDBOAT RACES—National Sweepstakes, Red Bank, N.J., Aug. 20 and 21. . . . British International Trophy Races, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 1-5. . . . President's Cup Regatta, Washington, D.C., Sept. 16 and 17.

TENNIS—Women's National Championships, Forest Hills, L.I., Aug. 15-20. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport, R.I., Aug. 15-20. . . . Men's National Doubles, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 22-27. . . . Men's National Singles, Forest Hills, L.I., Sept. 3-10.

TROTTER RACES—Grand Circuit, Goshen, N.Y., Aug. 15-19. (The Hambletonian will be run Aug. 17.)

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Domino," a comedy from the French of Marcel Achard, with Rod LaRocque, Robert Loraine, Geoffrey Kerr, and Jessie Royce Landis: Playhouse, Aug. 15. . . . "Ballyhoo of 1932," a revue with Willie and Eugene Howard, Jeanne Aubert, and Lulu McConnell: 44th Street, late in Aug. . . . "Folies Bergere," a revue with James Barton and Ada May: Hollywood, Aug. 29. . . . "Flying Colors," an intimate revue by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, with Clifton Webb, Patsy Kelly, and Charles Butterworth: Shubert, Sept. 5.

YACHTING—Astor Cup Race, off Newport, Aug. 16; King's Cup Race, off Newport, Aug. 17. . . . Saturday regattas on Long Island Sound through Aug. and Sept. . . . Star Class, International Championship, off Southport, Conn., Sept. 16-22.

OTHER DATES—Eclipse of the sun, visible in parts of New England and Canada, Aug. 31. . . . Labor Day is Mon., Sept. 5. . . . Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Sept. 15.

JUST A MINUTE

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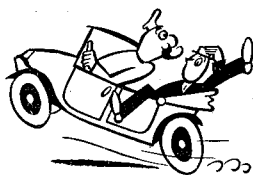
MURRAY HILL 2-7000



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE most alarming thing that has come out of Europe this week is the invention, by a French cab-driver, of a seat that prevents the driver from being pitched through the windshield in the event of a collision. There used to be some comfort, while riding through Paris, in the thought that one's driver would at least get pitched through the windshield when the end came. Now, with that last hazard removed for him, there is no predicting to what extremes his great spirit will carry him,



nor to what final magnificent calamity the passenger is to fall heir.

WE can go to any restaurant at all and be made uncomfortable by the waiters, waiters seeming to us to be a breed gifted in making guests ill at ease. They are always older, wearier, and wiser than we are; and they have us at a disadvantage because we are sitting down and they are standing up. We should very much like to discover a restaurant where we would be allowed to stand up to our food, and the waiters be compelled to sit down, so that we could lord it over them. Brevoort waiters have us at a disadvantage because they know a few words of French, which embarrasses us; although the fact that we speak better English than they do seems not to disconcert them one whit.

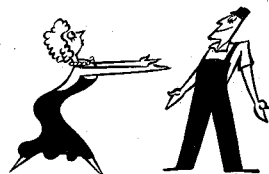
The only person we ever recall who threw a waiter out of kilter was a young subaltern with whom we dined one evening at Charles' restaurant. When this fellow asked for duck, the

waiter spoke up briskly: "Duck is out, sir!" To which our friend quickly replied: "What, in all this rain?" Which took the waiter fair in the middle,



and he had such a fit of cramps and giggling that he became unmanageable and useless and had to be sent off to the kitchen. But that is the only time we have ever seen a waiter bested, and we remember how proud we were of our friend, and he of himself.

AMONG the many documents to which we have lately had access is a letter outlining the editorial requirements of *Love Mirror*, a publication. It points the way toward the literary future, as those things, we are sure, do. "Emotions," it states, "should be described in voluptuous detail." The heroine "should be definitely placed in the social scale: shopgirl, stenographer, model, hairdresser, etc. She may have Cinderella excursions up among the high living classes and either come back disillusioned after tense and passionate experiences, to marry the suddenly attractive honest



mechanic, or find the upper level that her virtuous sweetness and refinement naturally merits." Are we wrong in thinking that there is a kind of conflict of levels here? If the "high living classes"—as *Love Mirror* so tersely de-

scribes the wealthy—exist largely to furnish tense, passionate, and disillusioning experiences to young ladies who make excursions up from the middle level of society, then what, exactly, is that "upper level" to which the young heroine eventually attains as a reward for her sweetness and refinement? We mean, does she at last reach an upper level merely to find herself having passionate experiences *down* again, with some distinctly middle-class person? We should like *Love Mirror* to define its upper and lower levels clearly—the way they are in the Grand Central.

WE get much of our wide knowledge of economic conditions from studying the magazine *Yachting*. Its pages give a clearer picture of the situ-



ation than anything we've struck. This month, for instance, we discovered an advertisement: "A gentleman, cruising the Atlantic with his luxuriously appointed auxiliary schooner, will consider taking one or two paying guests." The test of any nation, at a time like this, is whether its yachtsmen can maintain the illusion that their schooners are luxuriously appointed even after there are a couple of paying guests on board.

OF the many tiny annoyances which confront us, one of the tiniest and most annoying is the advertising of the milk-of-magnesia people. You've seen it, no doubt: a picture of a young man, the epitome of horrible vitality, thumping on his desk and yelling at people. From the text you learn that he feels fine, fresh as a daisy, in spite

of the fact that he has been out until six o'clock that morning, carrying on. He has no headache. Nobody following him. Nothing. He feels that way simply because he remembered to take a tablespoonful of magnesia before he went to bed. Here, it seems to us, is science's final victory in the long war against morality. For twenty-five cents (at any drugstore) the American people can buy sin without penitence, gaiety without regret. Somehow or other we can't altogether rejoice in this painless whitewashing (milk of magnesia doesn't even taste bad especially) and we hurry to offer the moralists whatever thin comfort there is. The young man may *feel* fine, but that isn't going to help him recall with any precision what he said to his hostess in the taxicab, or to figure out the curious entry "cash" on the stub of his chequebook. Another consideration is even more encouraging. People aren't any too careful about what they get hold of at six o'clock in the morning. The W.C.T.U. ought to be able to think up something pretty nasty to go in a blue bottle.

Distraction

AN attaché of one of the broadcasting studios was talking the other evening with a pianist who was about to go on the air, talking earnestly, with a purpose. Fact was, this performer had a reputation for nervousness and general apprehensiveness and the radio man was trying to keep his mind off the crucial moment. Broadcasting gives lots of people the shakes. After a few thousand well-chosen words, the radio man became aware that he wasn't having much success; the pianist, quite evidently, wasn't listening. The radio man stopped, abashed. The pianist noticed it. "Sorry," he said. "Must excuse me. Seeds in my teeth." The other man just looked. "Blackberry seeds," explained the musician further. "Always eat lots of blackberry pie before I play; get plenty of seeds in my teeth. Keeps my mind off the audience."

Director

THE reason all the National League ballplayers now go around with numbers on their backs, so the spectators can tell them apart, is that the brother-in-law of the Chief Justice of the United States, Mr. Walter F. ("Dutch") Carter, is a gentleman of never-say-die mettle. Mr. Carter

waged a long, hard fight against opposing baseball executives to gain his point about the numbers. When he won out, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction and went back to showing the Brooklyn ballplayers how to play. Mr. Carter—who, in addition to being related to the Chief Justice by marriage, is a member of the firm Mr. Hughes left to go on the bench—has not been signally successful in this latter chore, but not through want of trying. He has shown Lefty O'Doul how to bat and Dazzy Vance how to pitch, and given a hand up to nearly every other Dodger. They really ought to do better.

Carter grew up with his interest in baseball. He was probably the best pitcher Yale—and some say any college—ever produced. In the nineties, he fanned eleven Giants in one exhibition game. After he graduated, he turned down offers from several major-league clubs, but kept in touch with the game as baseball coach at Yale and member of the athletic committee. Professionally, he went into law and became a probate expert with the Hughes firm. But every day he could get away from his office he went to Ebbets Field in Brooklyn—he lives in Brooklyn Heights—and sat in a box and watched the pitcher. At the end of the game, he would tell surprised and sometimes bored friends exactly how many curves, fast balls, and spitballs had been thrown and just what was wrong with the strategy, if anything. Eventually it was proposed that he become a director of the Brooklyn club, and he did. He is one of five directors. The other four are evenly split into two factions that seldom agree, so Carter decides almost everything. He voted Wilbert Robinson out as manager of the team and Max Carey in; he was responsible for the trade which sent Babe Herman to Cincinnati when Herman wouldn't take a salary cut; his vote insured the enlargement of the grandstand by fifteen thousand seats.

He is famous for his willingness to tell the players how to improve their game. He showed Vance, one of the best pitchers in the league, how to "achieve a better trajectory." He goes even oftener to the Field now than he used to. He makes faces if the scorer doesn't call the plays right. He frequently holds a post-mortem with Manager Carey, telling him what he thinks was right and what was wrong,

and he may drop around to the players' hotel and advise with them. Nobody remembers why he is called "Dutch." He serves as director without pay, for the fun of it.

Formal Note

IT was on one of those recent disagreeable afternoons that the heads of the big railroad systems met in General Atterbury's office to discuss the Interstate Commerce Commission's ruling as to who was to have which railroads. We don't know all that happened in the conference but we suspect that all the railroad magnates took their coats off. If they did,



they all had them on when they came out to be photographed, all except General Atterbury, who was in his shirt-sleeves. They all lined up, willing to satisfy the public, but the picture man looked worried. "Don't look right," he said. He peered through his camera. "Don't look right," he said again. Nobody knew what it was that didn't look right and everybody got pretty worried. The picture man edged over to Mr. Atterbury and got him aside. "Of course, it don't make any difference to me," he said. "All I'm doin' is *taking* the picture, and I leave it to you. But wouldn't you rather put your coat on?"

Mr. Atterbury went back into his office and got his coat. The photographer nodded his head and snapped. Nice, dignified picture.

Present

A DAZED-LOOKING man sitting at the wheel of an old-model sedan along the curb of one of the East Thirties was approached by a beggar who gave the motorist one of those happier-than-I-am looks and mentioned a dime. "Things is just as tough with me," said the autoist. "Ya see this car, huh? Well, it don't mean nothin'. A guy just give it to me."

Drugs for the Generals

YOU may have noticed by the papers that a little group of serious pharmacists met recently to take some action about restoring the profession to its former dignity. Organized a League of Registered Pharmacists, protested against cut-rate drug shops not conducted by registered pharmacists,

etc. "No apothecary," said one apothecary, "wants to sell sandwiches and toys." We didn't see his name mentioned, but probably Mr. George T. Bagoë was there. His is the oldest drugstore in the city continuously operated by one family. It's at Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, and it has never carried sandwiches and toys. It was started one block east, at the corner of Fourth Avenue, in 1859 by Mr. Bagoë's father. It soon became famous through the town. The original Mr. Bagoë used to lecture on chemistry at the old Post Graduate Hospital and doctors recommended him for prescriptions. In those days ladies would drive up to the watering trough and carriage block at the curb to buy their

ipecac. The best people traded there: Peter Cooper, Dr. Stuyvesant Fish Morris, the Lamberts, the Barclays, the Hewitts. During the Civil War the store was wrecked in one of the draft riots. After the Civil War it was nearly wrecked again when General Grant, General Lee, and General Joseph E. Johnston all happened to meet in the shop. The three generals immediately got into a tremendous argument over their battles, waving their canes about the shop. Finally they moved outside and used their sticks to draw countless diagrams on the sidewalk. So the old Bagoë legend goes, anyhow.

In the present generation the most exciting people to visit the store seem

to have been Anne Morgan and Nicholas Murray Butler, and the latter wasn't very exciting at that. It was his habit to come in, point to what he wanted, pay for it, and walk out without saying a word.

The character of the neighborhood has changed radically of late; nowadays customers are largely from office buildings in the neighborhood, in a hurry. It was in 1914 that the present Mr. Bagoë moved over from Fourth to Madison. He says the old store had had forty-seven coats of paint on it when he abandoned it. He says also that there are only nine or ten real drugstores in the city and that his shall be one as long as he lives.

Mr. Bagoë is gray, polite, ruddy, and dignified. His hobby is collecting old-time New York pictures. He has a collection of fifteen hundred, including prints of the old slave pen, the Hotel Windsor fire, and the only known likeness of Jumbo, Barnum's elephant, extant. He also has a picture of the footbridge built across Broadway at Fulton Street to allow pedestrians to escape the horse-cars, carriages, and drays. It was torn down because the pedestrians congregated there to look at the sights and got the habit of dropping things onto vehicles. A little while ago Mr. Bagoë thought he had found a real prize, a photograph of a horse-car with Abraham Lincoln standing on the back platform. He took the picture to Mr. Frederick Meserve, the noted collector, who investigated and turned in a depressing report. It wasn't Lincoln. Lincoln hadn't worn that kind of beard in 1860.

Misunderstanding

ONE of the latest developments in the unemployment situation involves the City of Mount Vernon, the Citizens Bureau of Mount Vernon, and two Italians. The City called on the Bureau for a couple of men to unload a car of flour which was to be donated to the municipal charity department by the Red Cross. The Italians were dispatched to the freight yards, mighty glad to get the job and conscientiously repeat-

"Hitchcock! Not the Hitchcock that plays polo?"

ing over and over their instructions: "Move the flour." But they never showed up at the freight yard; couldn't be found anywhere that day and weren't heard from until toward evening, when they unexpectedly appeared back at the Bureau offices, muddy and puzzled. They reported they had done their work and wanted to be paid. When the Bureau said it knew better, they looked hurt. It took a good while to get things straightened out.

What had happened, the Bureau eventually learned, was that the men, acting on their interpretation of the instructions, had gone to a city park which was being re-landscaped. When they arrived, the gang working on the planting had put in some flowers and shrubs and dug holes for others, which they had gone away to get. The two Italians grabbed the tools that were lying about and went to work vigorously. They had moved practically all the flowers already in the ground into the new holes by the time the others got back. What puzzled them was that the landscape men seemed very cross.

Horses, Sweetened

A GENTLEMAN who is living in New Jersey this summer was startled to see a sign on the Forest Hill Riding Academy, which is near Newark, reading "Scented Saddle Horses for Hire." Startled? He almost lost his grip on himself. He had to pass the place several times a week, and always there was the sign. It said "scented horses;" all doubt was finally

removed from his mind. In the end, he stopped his car and went in and asked the Forest Hill stables for an explanation. The boss explained happily. Nearby is a cosmetics manufactory in which, at one time or another, a good deal of shaving cream is wasted. The tubes bust. The Riding Academy buys it up for little or nothing and shampoos its horses with it. Leaves them with a pleasant, rather exotic fragrance, and surprised expressions. The customers like it.

Toot!

R EAD this, and when you go to Europe and people say haughtily: "Ah, but you Americans have no boat

train!" you can handle the situation. We have a boat train, and while it may not afford the simple charm of the trip from London to Dover, it is nevertheless a boat train. Realists in railroad circles call it simply No. 54, or old No. 54, from Chicago. It starts in Chicago and runs right onto the North German Lloyd pier in Brooklyn (where the lights went out the other night), thus making the longest trip of any boat train in the world. You can tell 'em that in Europe.

One of the big Army piers in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn (to begin at the beginning), was leased by the North German Lloyd three years ago, and from it sail the Bremen, the Europa, and the Columbus. Shortly thereafter the



"Who cares what people think!"

North German Lloyd officials became sharply aware of the fact that Brooklyn terrifies many people, whether from Manhattan or elsewhere, and they set about working out some substitute for the half-hour automobile or subway ride to their pier. It was generally felt also that a boat train to Bay Ridge would lend tone to North German Lloyd sailings. A sharp-witted official of the line figured out they could have one.

Over near the Loose-Wiles cracker factory in Long Island City is a spur running out to Bay Ridge. At this end it hooks up with the tracks running out of the Pennsylvania Station; at the other end it is connected with U. S. Army rails running right out onto the Bremen's pier. One night in May, 1930, old No. 54 got in from Chicago and, instead of just breaking up at the Pennsylvania Station, continued under the river and on out to the pier. It hasn't missed a sailing date since. In good times it has brought as many as three hundred people from western points to a North German Lloyd boat. It arrives at the Pennsylvania Station at eight P.M. and, on sailing nights, leaves again at 8:25 for the pier. Sometimes as many as seventy or eighty people from Manhattan, mostly seers-off, get aboard here. Sometimes it's only ten or fifteen, for Manhattanites generally don't seem to know about this boat train. A New York-to-Bay Ridge ticket costs eighty cents. If, by the way, you collect railroad tickets, this one is a good item, for it's probably the only ticket in the world without a companion for passage in the other direction. No. 54 doesn't wait at the pier for seers-off returning from a sailing, and she doesn't meet incoming ships, because of the widely varying hours of their arrival.

There are complications in the boat train's trip. When it gets to the Loose-Wiles spur, its electric engine is unhooked, that being the end of the electrified track, and a steam engine comes up to the rear of the coaches (usually there are five or six) and begins hauling them to Bay Ridge backward. Everybody

who was riding forward now rides backward. They can't turn the train around. Just outside the pier, the boat train stops. Fire laws forbid the steam locomotive to go on the pier. So the steam engine runs off and gets behind a string of a dozen box cars. It maneuvers around with these, gets behind the boat train, and pushes it onto the pier. The steam engine, thanks to the box cars, remains far enough away to comply with the law.

The boat train affords one hour of Brooklyn scenery. Well, that's America's boat train; but you don't have to tell 'em *all* the details in Europe.

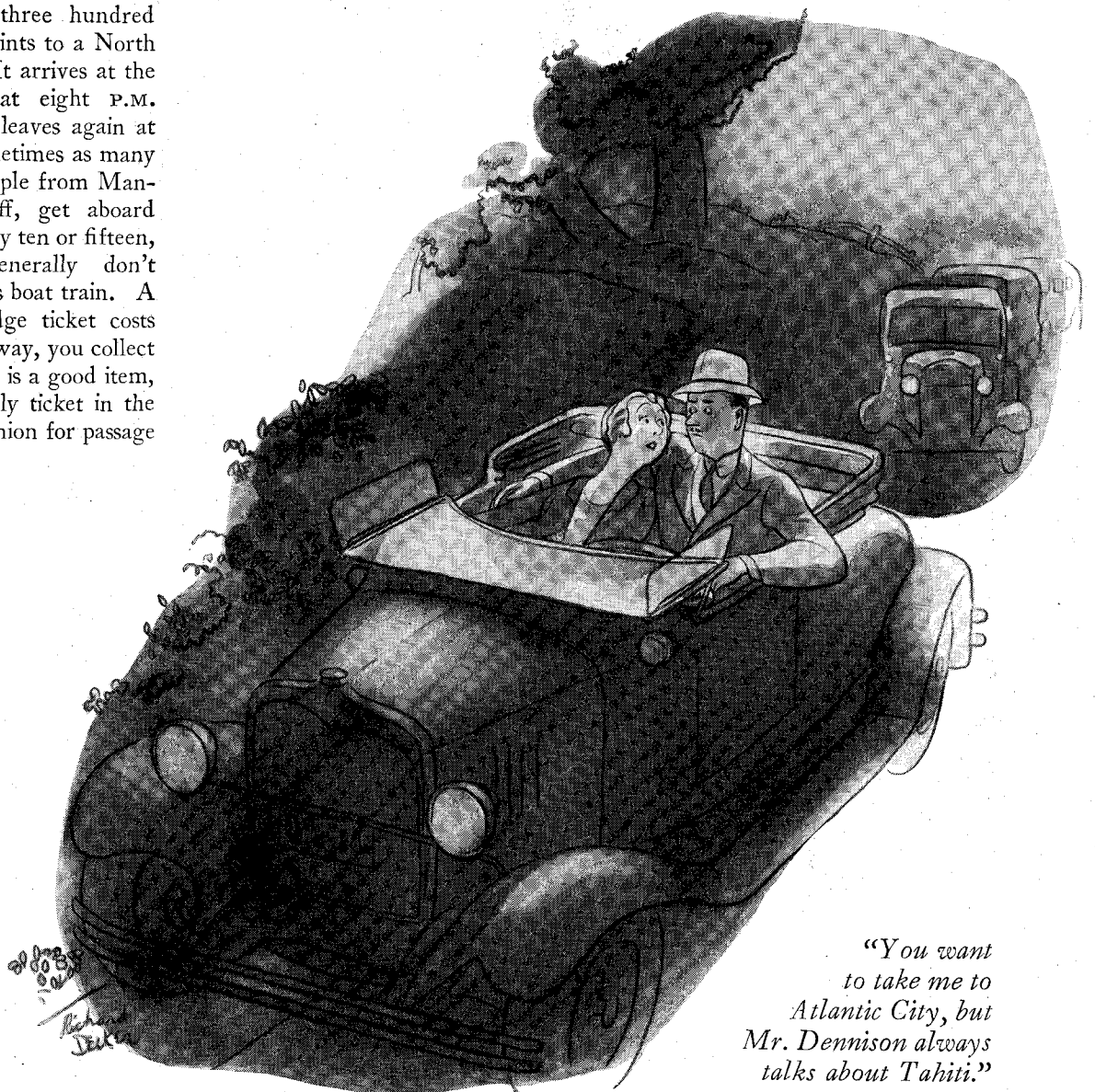
Service

OUR record of the little battles between humans and their machines has been lengthened by a little story about a refrigerator, sent us by a man who read a story we had about an elec-

tric clock. The people who had sold the refrigerator received a call from its owner, asking them to hurry right around and make some sort of adjustment, any kind of adjustment. The thing was, the owner reported to a service man, eating its head off. It was using enough electric current to run a machine shop. The service man looked at the electric bills, before and after, and agreed that, indeed, something was radically wrong. He inspected the icebox carefully. Everything was fine. He went over the wiring. Nothing wrong. He went over a lot of things with no result. Then he sat down and looked at the machine, reproachfully. While he was so engaged, the colored cook came in and he idly asked her how she liked her new refrigerator.

"I likes it fine," she assured him, "jes fine. I leaves the door open and she cools the whole kitchen noble."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"You want to take me to Atlantic City, but Mr. Dennison always talks about Tahiti."



"I'd rather not go out right after a bath."

HOW SHEAMUS COOMARA MET THE BANSHEE

AN IRISH FOLK TALE WITH NOTES

EXPLANATORY NOTE: In any reading of Irish folklore it is well to know the meanings of the names which have, through the ages, been given to the fairies, or "the good people," as they are sometimes called. We must know, for example, that a Glaubie (from the Irish words *bhhobcht-t-bhhbean*, meaning "a cooper with no eyelashes") is a little man, usually seen alone, who is always cooping. He has no eyelashes, which probably is why he is always alone. The Glaubie is famous for pulling hairs out of the back of people's heads when they are stooping over gathering berries. A Mooka (*suggaun-t-seadhh*, meaning "the slightly throaty call of a singing-grass which grows only in the north of Carrigogunniel") is a little woman, generally seen riding on a horse which has only one haunch, who sets up a wail similar to that of the singing-grass whenever anyone in the neighborhood is about to be sick. There is some question as to which comes first, the wail or the impulse

to be sick, but most people who have seen her believe that the wail does it. Then there is the Lallow, or, if you are going to write it in Irish, the *Murrúgoigh morúadhh*, which is a sort of seagoing moth which travels in swarms. The Lallow is generally supposed once to have been a beautiful white bird which was changed into a princess and, not liking that so much, had itself changed into a moth, the moth being more of a nuisance. The Lallows follow ships and, it is believed, if the sailors knock their pipes against the rail so that the ashes fall on any of "the good people" who may be swimming by, the Lallows turn into drops of tar which fall on the decks, giving the sailors a hell of a job to clean them up.

These are just a few of the many varieties of Irish fairy, but they will serve to give you an idea of why they are called "the good people." The others we can take up as they enter our story.

SHEAMUS COOMARA was once as likely a lad as ever shaved a shillelagh [i.e. travelled from Cappagh to Sligo], drained a quart, or wore no necktie; fearing for nothing but the want of drink, caring for nothing but the kiss of a fine lass (bad cess to them), and thinking of nothing but finishing a sentence with three balanced phrases like these; drunk or sober, a kiss and a blow was the way of Sheamus Coomara, and a mighty foine [fine] way it is of either standing up or of falling down. More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and drinking, and caring for nothing but dancing to the "Shan Van Vocht" [*an-t-seann-bhean bhocht*], this same Sheamus Coomara fell into bad company; for surely "the good people" are as lousy company as anyone could come across in a day's journey from Aherlow to Dingle.

[That will be just about enough of this kind of writing. From now on we'll take it easy.]

Well, now, it so happened that Sheamus Coomara was going home one clear

frosty night, singing a song he had heard, the chorus of which was all he could remember if his life depended on it:

"Rum fum boodle boo,
Ripple dipple nitty dob;
Dumbboo doodle coo,
Raffle taffle chittiboo!"

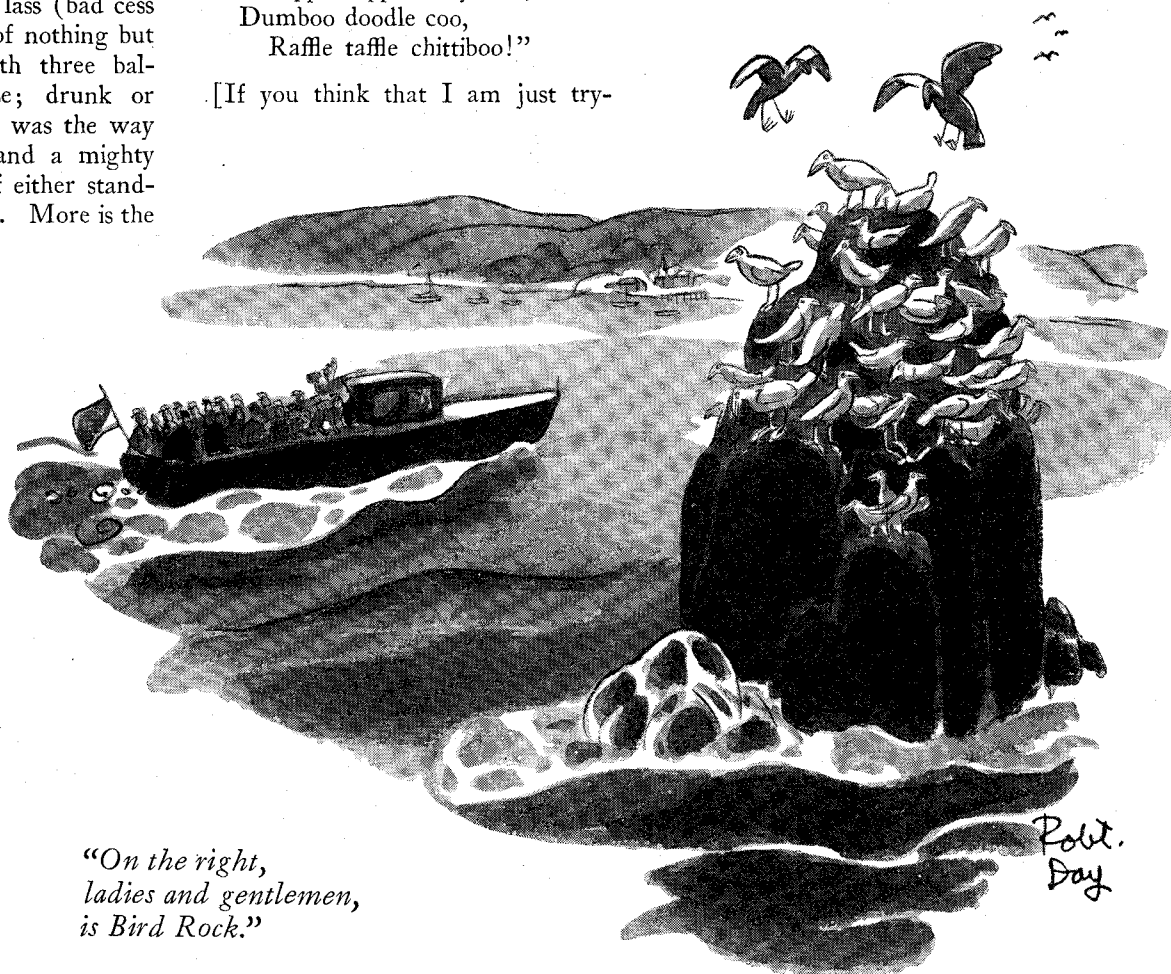
[If you think that I am just try-

ing to be silly, I refer you to "Irish Fairy and Folk Tales," edited by W. B. Yeats, for the original of this song.]

JUST as he was finishing the seventh identical chorus, he felt a crack on the back of his neck (for which you can hardly blame whoever gave it) and he was thrown forward on his chin while, at the same time, his legs were lifted high in the air and his trousers pulled off by the cuffs, following which he was rolled up in a ball, heels over head, and jammed into a prickly-briar bush [*sneidh suggaungh*].

"Ho, ho!" roared Sheamus Coomara, "'tis one of the good people!" And with that he received a clout over the skull which left him senseless but happy. When he awoke, a little man in a black cap was bending over him, going through his pockets for money, of which, thanks to the living, and the drinking, and the wild thinking, of Sheamus Coomara, there was no more than you could put in the right eye of a *Lianhaun-sidhe* [a particularly small leprechaun].

"Shu gu dheine? [Who are you?]"



"On the right,
ladies and gentlemen,
is Bird Rock."

asked Sheamus, fearing to know.

"I'm not tallink you," replied the Little Man, in a strange dialect.

"Are you a *theushi* [ghost]?" asked Sheamus, trying hard to think where he had heard such talk before.

"Leesten, *goy*," said the Little Man. "I'm tallink you dun't esk kvestions. I'm efteh moneh!" And, with that, he raised his hand to strike again.

BUT Sheamus Coomara, by this time suspecting that this was not one of the *good people*, in spite of his pixie behavior, grabbed the Little Man under his strong right arm and carried him off to the Magistrate, kicking and screaming.

"What's your name?" asked the Magistrate.

"Isador Lepidus," replied the Little Man.

"Well, I'll be a sogh-and-sogh," exclaimed Sheamus Coomara. "A Jewish banshee!"

"What is your trade?" asked the Magistrate.

"I'm a gunmen," said the Little Man.

"Sixty days in the *augh-ishka* [hoos-gow]," said the Magistrate.

And, from that day to this, the residents of Sgeulaigheachia in general, and Sheamus Coomara in particular, always look twice when they receive a clout on the side of the head to make sure that it is really from one of the *good people* or just a gunman from New York. For, taken all in all, they work much the same.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



"She ought to have a baby, but we have to wait

for the Board of Estimate to give the word."

BIARRITZ

But it was neither St. Cloud nor the Tuileries that made the Empress happiest; it was Biarritz.—*Biography of the Empress Eugénie.*

Wind in the mimosas and a wind off the seas,
And a high wind blowing from the high Pyrenees:
Yonder lies Chiberta, yonder is Bayonne,
But who shall find the country where an Empress is gone?

All along the Côte des Basques rolls the silver spray;
Brown men and women pass in peignoir and beret;
But go and search the beaches and who that searches there
Shall catch a flash of eagles in the blue burning air?

Bathers from the Bellevue and the lofty Miramar
—Swim gaily, *messieurs'-dames*, but don't swim far!—
Loiter in the sunshine while the bright yachts cruise
And girls cry macaroons of Saint-Jean-de-Luz;

Girls cry carnations that are spicy out of Spain,
Girls cry *L'Intransigeants* that caught the Paris train,
But never at the noontide or in the twilight's peace
Does anybody cry now "*Vive l'Impératrice!*"

Up and down the roadways the swift Hispanos run,
Glittering with the laughter of the children of the sun;
And memory is a heavy thing for anyone to ask,
Trooping off for cocktails at the gay Bar Basque.

Lanvin and Molyneux, Jean Patou and Worth,
Their shops line the little streets like princes of the earth,
But never does an Empress descend at any house
For manteau or crinoline or Garibaldi blouse.

Never does an Emperor at any *gala* now
Tug at his imperial and make a courtly bow,
And who that go in *espadrilles* and *maillots* have a glance
For the ghostly promenadings of an Empress of France?

With her villa and her violets, her Pèpa and her son,
And her light airs from Offenbach that soothe and settle one,
With her black-lacquered carriage and her black-lacquered span
Clop-clopping down the road, driving toward Sedan!

—KENNETH ALLAN ROBINSON

OF ALL THINGS

ROOSEVELT will make the opening address of the campaign at Columbus, Ohio, following his opening addresses at Chicago and Albany. This thing turned out to be as hard to open as a car window.

A young schoolteacher with the fascinating name of Will Rogers was nominated for congressman-at-large in Oklahoma. His jokes are not as devastating as those of the famous gum-chewer, but his grammar is probably even better.

Secret Service officials are investigating a series of whispering campaigns which have caused runs on banks. More than likely, these false rumors were started by Communists, they whisper.

The Institute of Politics is in session again, to our vast relief. We have always noticed that when civilization survives until the Williamstown conference, it lasts out the year.

The Italian State Railroads now offer very low rates to newlyweds wishing to go to Rome on their honeymoons. This is all part of the movement to make Mussolini the Niagara Falls of Italy.

Senator Connally says that Hoover was playing politics when he appointed Pomerene to head the R.F.C. We prefer to believe that it is simply too big a job for any Republican to fill.

The rebate on the President's salary will go into the general fund of the Treasury; not into the conscience fund, as whispered by rumor-mongers and character-assassins.

Chairman Farley disappoints us Chairman Farleyites by admitting that there are five states in the Union which may give Franklin D. a little trouble. This is no time to be faint-hearted.

Three-cent postage has resulted here in a drastic reduction in personal-letter advertising. The administration is al-

ways thinking up ways to make this a better world to live in.

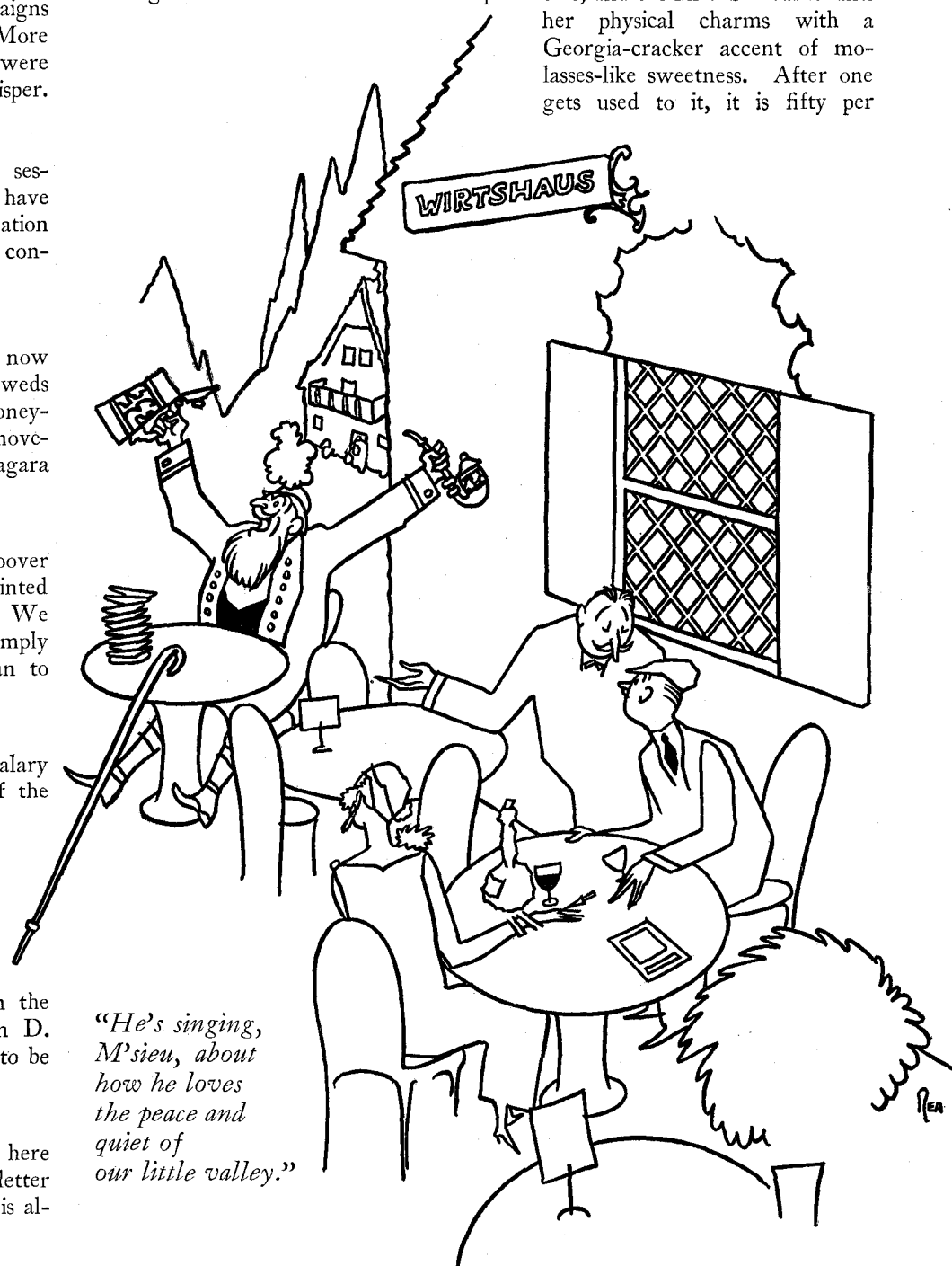
The new twenty-five-cent pieces (Washington head quarters, we laughingly call them) will no doubt be popular with the masses. For one thing, they contain no reference to Sol Bloom.

A tank invented by J. Walter Christie can make 110 miles an hour and jump into the air. Laughing heartily at the cop.

After this, New York poets should not put their rejected manuscripts with the refuse. This literature might turn up later in Dr. Schroeder's street-cleaners' magazine.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

EXTRA

GLORIA came to Hollywood from Atlanta, Georgia. Even in the city of movie beauties, she is noticeably handsome in an infantile, blonde way. Her hair is wavy, she has large, questioning gray eyes; her mouth is set in a perpetual pout, like that of an injured child. She keeps her figure down to the boyish outlines demanded by the canons of Hollywood style. Her skin is delicately pink and white, except when she gets the hives, a disease to which she is lamentably subject in the salubrious summers of southern California. When not so afflicted, Gloria is undeniably easy to look at, even for such jaded observers as casting directors, producers, and the like. She surmounts her physical charms with a Georgia-cracker accent of molasses-like sweetness. After one gets used to it, it is fifty per



"He's singing, M'sieu, about how he loves the peace and quiet of our little valley."

cent intelligible, and most of the assistant directors have got so that they can understand her "Ah yo' gone to give po' Gloeea a job soon?" even over the telephone.

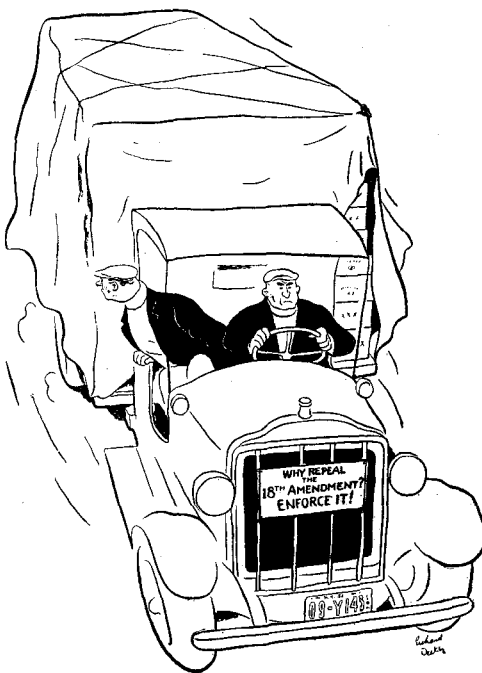
Gloria admits that for the first twenty of her twenty-one years she was badly spoiled by her Auntie and Uncle in Atlanta, who brought her up. She has not been spoiled, however, since she came to Hollywood, a community which has never ruined anyone by kindness. The change from Southern chivalry to the hard realities of moving-picture competition caused several upheavals in Gloria's emotional life, during which she seriously threatened to give up her hopes of becoming a movie star and to return to the dull confines of a stenographic career in Atlanta. But after her head had been bathed in cold water by fellow-inmates of the Hollywood Studio Club, and her sobs reduced to pathetic little hiccups, Gloria decided to remain in the movie metropolis a while longer. She often speaks of the joys of life in the dear old South, but she really does not want to live there.

NOR does she want to live at the Hollywood Studio Club, which is a sort of sublimated Y.W.C.A. of the picture industry, but economic conditions leave her no choice. Gloria's present rate as an extra is ten dollars a day. Sometimes for a week or two she gets no work at all. Other weeks bring one or two days of work. Her high record is four days straight; one of these contained a bit part, for which she received twenty dollars. That week she scaled the heights of opulence with her fifty dollars, paid most of her debts, and lent ten dollars to another girl. Gloria's average income, however, is under twenty dollars a week. As a stenographer she used to make over thirty dollars. But then she was only a stenographer, whereas now she hopes some day to get a featured rôle at two or three hundred a week. No one can prove to her that she will never get one, and it is quite possible she may. Besides, the Glorias of the world live not by bread alone. Imagine what it would mean to the child if her cousins back in Atlanta could see her act in a picture! For such hopes one is willing to live in the Hollywood Studio Club, to go without necessary dentalwork, to tramp from studio to studio in the hot

sun, to endure insults, even to die, if need be.

For dying, however, there is no Hollywood market. Lesser sacrifices, according to Gloria, are occasionally solicited. She argues: "If I were willing to spend the weekend at Arrowhead with B—— [naming a producer in one of the medium-grade studios], I could be a star too," and is always ready to cite cases of other ladies who have found vice profitable. No doubt some of the movie boys, like men in other lines of endeavor, are not averse to mixing business with pleasure when they can get away with it, but the fact remains that in Hollywood no one becomes a producer, or even an assistant director, unless he worships the dollar first and Venus, or any other deity, second. Thus Gloria still retains the white flower of her maidenhood. Occasionally she imperils this treasure by becoming engaged, but, as Gloria puts her career ahead of almost everything else, none of these tender relationships has matured into marriage.

TALKING to Gloria about any intellectual question is like trying to interest a chimpanzee in Betelgeuse. But if her interests are narrow, she is shrewd enough within their limits. She is adept in making "contacts;" the more contacts, the better her chances of a job, of course. She knows who knows whom, and can follow interconnections in the maze of movie politics with the sagacity of a bloodhound. She knows where certain agents have standing, what associate producers are likely to be influenced favorably by her baby talk, and what to wear on her rounds.



She knows how to get into places which would baffle One-Eye Connelly, over whom, to be sure, she has some physical advantages.

Gloria has developed a system of logic all her own. When arraigned for taking an extreme position in any controversy, she counters by citing the defects of the opposite extreme. Thus, when reproached for the paucity of her intellectual interests, she points out what a dull girl she would be if she had *only* intellectual interests. Or, with Southern finality, she will misquote Scripture: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," which, to Gloria, means that the Bible forbids anyone to criticize anyone else, and particularly Gloria. Another of her favorite defences is: "No one has a right to criticize unless he is perfect himself." Finally she takes refuge on the altar of individualism, crying: "I'm going to be *myself*," which means that all problems are reduced to her likes and dislikes, the ultimate stuff of the universe.

Gloria is an admitted sentimentalist, and proud of it. As she puts it: "I want to hide the unpleasant things of life." What she talks about and what she does are often connected only by a contradiction. She weeps for the poor, but if one of her boy friends gives a panhandler a quarter in her presence, she is indignant. Her philosophy is that everything happens for the best, but she is always moaning about her hard life, her lack of brothers and sisters, and her illness. She must always be going places and doing things, but she is fond of saying to a man: "How I should like to be sitting beside the fire with you, darling—just looking into the fire and talking all evening long." But if darling wants to sit before a fire and talk, he will have to find another girl. Gloria will be at the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador, or going out to Culver City to one of the night clubs.

Gloria was brought up among nice people and is not precisely a gold-digger, nevertheless she is always digging something. Her appetite for goods and services is inexhaustible: a long-distance call to her auntie in Georgia; a carton of cigarettes; her weekly board bill of ten dollars, in the shape of a long-term loan; flowers, of which she is very fond; a taxi ride to some place where she has real or imaginary business; a letter of introduction to a casting director who has proved inaccessible. When she is out with a man who has money, Gloria's greatest devastations are committed in drugstores. Even in the cut-



rate drugstores which abound in Los Angeles she can spend twenty dollars in five minutes. The process of ravaging begins with the innocent statement: "I want an aspirin." To the aspirin there are added bathing suits, compacts, medicines, manicure sets, and expensive perfumes. And as she is always ailing, she is always going into drugstores. When she asks for things in her soft, plaintive Georgia drawl, it is very hard to refuse her, and she has such a pathetic way of saying "You're the only real friend I have out here" that four out of five believe her.

BUT all such practical considerations, all her aspirations, even her movie

career, are submerged in Gloria's basic passion for the Confederacy. It permeates her conversation and controls her actions. Should she pass a car with a plate reminiscent of the Southland, such as "Birmingham—City of Magic," Gloria almost leaps out of her conveyance in her eagerness to talk to the people, whom she is sure she knows, for she was once in Birmingham. It is useless to assure her that the chance is only about one in five hundred thousand; her intuition tells her otherwise.

Naturally, the unforgivable sin against Gloria is an attack on her professional pride as a Southerner. One of her engagements cracked up that

way. She had been dilating on the marvels of Southern chivalry and the male Southerners' matchless respect for womanhood. "White womanhood," interjected the brutal consort-to-be. He went on to enunciate the vile doctrine that many Southern gentlemen are able to let the white girls alone by having a good deal to do with females of darker complexion. Gloria, her eyes blazing like a pair of ten-kilowatt studio incandescents, leaped up from the dinner table, upsetting a glass of water, and left her companion flat forever. She even paid, herself, for the taxi which took her back to the Studio Club, and on the way shed patriotic tears.

—CARL DREHER

ROOSEVELTS: JUST ROOSEVELTS

WHEN I was a child my father gave me a book called "The Roosevelt Bears," by Seymour Eaton. I got a lot of enjoyment out of that book. It was written in couplets, and began like this:

Two Roosevelt bears had a home out west
In a big ravine near a mountain crest.

As I think back on it, I realize that that book was the beginning of my education in Roosevelts, and I suspect that my father, who was a wise man, gave me the book in order to help me understand the subject, which gets easier as one grows older.

The two bears in the book bore a

strong resemblance to Theodore Roosevelt, who, in turn, looked like a teddy bear; so you see there was a certain confusion of personalities, a certain slipping over from the realm of ursine adventure into the realm of political romance. One bear was gray and was called Teddy G, the other was brown and was called Teddy B. I was crazy about both of them, and yet even at that time suspected Theodore Roosevelt of being one of the great charlatans of the day. This apparent inconsistency (loving the Roosevelt bears while mistrusting the President of the United States) was one of the things that made childhood interesting and profitable.



"I'm from Texas—physically."

Now, in my grandiloquent way, I am a father myself; and I too am confronted with the problem of teaching my own son about Roosevelts. How to do it is the question. Explaining to a child how Democratic nominees come about is no easy matter. I have no Seymour Eaton book to give my son, but I shall soon have, of course, the new Macfadden publication, *Babies: Just Babies*. Also, I have the many other Macfadden papers: *True Stories*, *True Romances*, *Liberty*, *Physical Culture*, and so on. I think that when I give my son *Babies: Just Babies*, edited by Mrs. Roosevelt, it will serve about the same purpose that my father accomplished in presenting me with "The Roosevelt Bears." There will arise the same tender confusion in the child's mind. He will wonder, possibly, why the babies do not all look like Franklin Roosevelt, and why it should make any difference to their mothers what they look like as long as they can't vote.

As yet my son has not come to me with the dreaded question: "Daddy, how are Roosevelts elected?" When he does, I intend to make a direct answer. I shall not evade the question by talking about bears, or mooses, or even yawls—all of which seem to have something to do with the case—but I shall come right out and tell him that there are male Roosevelts and female Roosevelts. I shall, furthermore, expect him, while poring over Mr. Macfadden's pages on the care and feeding of infants, to be entertained by the same confusion that I found in trying to relate Teddy G and Teddy B with the hero of the Cuban rebellion; and if he fails to be confused I shall box his ears and give him still another Macfadden publication, edited for, rather than by, a Roosevelt: *Dream World*.
—E. B. W.

GOOD HEAVENS

Once I hoped that Heaven might be
Blue hills and a cypress tree;
Or a low-roofed inn at night
With a fire and candlelight;
Or a ship that sailed alone
With her ports of call unknown.
Now, however, I'm inclined
To a more prosaic kind
Of celestial joy and bliss.
What I ask is merely this:
Creditors who cease to stew,
Banks where notes are never due.

—MIRIAM VEDDER

* * PROFILES * *

GRAND SACHEM

THE office of Grand Sachem of the Society of Tammany carries with it neither honorarium nor responsibility, and, though the title is resonant and important-sounding, the incumbent is quite powerless to boss even the lowliest alderman or deputy clerk. Like the President of France, a Grand Sachem is entitled to all honor and respect, and counted upon to mind his own business. He presides over the benevolent and patriotic order on state occasions, wears a morning coat in parades, shakes hands with distinguished visitors, and, if an affable fellow, permits graybeards only a few months younger to refer to him affectionately as the "Grand Old Man of the Organization."

Tammany, throughout its history, has had a fancy for decorative men and for sages. John R. Voorhis, who became famous and a sage by the simple process of living longer than anyone else of his generation, was the venerated Grand Sachem for twenty-odd years, and when he died this spring in his 103rd year, Tammany turned about to find a decorative and suitable successor. Thus it was that Dr. Thomas Darlington, bewildered and abashed and a mere stripling of seventy-three, had patriarchy thrust upon him.

Darlington, truly enough, is no ordinary man. He has behind him a remarkable record of achievement, but, despite six years as Commissioner of Health, this record has been little concerned with politics. He has been a loyal member of the organization through lean and plentiful years, through scandal and reform, but his activities at the polls have been those of a scientific man with a day off, an exuberant civilian in a fireman's hat.

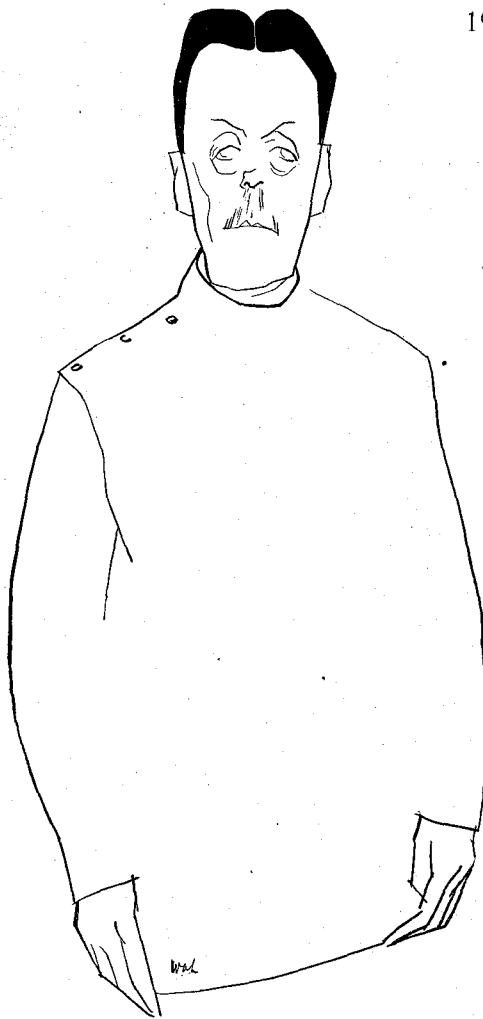
Darlington's life, for that matter, has been one of exuberance and adventurousness. The man behind the half-column in *Who's Who* is radically different from what that solemn list of degrees and fellowships might lead one to expect. He is a lecturer at three colleges, he is the author of several monographs on climatology, he is one of the great pioneers of public medicine, but he has also been, in his time, a church organist, a country doctor, a crusader for better living condi-

tions for industrial workers, a Sunday-school superintendent, and an Arizona Indian fighter.

The physician still cherishes a photograph of his Arizona days, a photograph in which he is posed before Sheriff Fly's camera in all his Western regalia. His thin middle is embraced by a cartridge belt and he holds a shotgun in his hand. The cartridges are real, but they don't fit the gun in the picture; the gun, he confesses, was a prop furnished to dazzle the folk back home. Darlington, however, could manage a shootin' iron handsomely and he had plenty of use for one during three years in the West. He went to Arizona Territory in 1888—only a few years after Geronimo had been captured—and he was involved in two battles with renegade Apaches off the reservation.

Dr. Darlington, so many years later, still has that thin middle. He is a man of medium stature, with brown hair only slightly threaded with gray, a small military mustache, an erect carriage, and a slow manner of speech. Despite careworn caves in his cheeks and lines of nervous tiredness around the eyes, he looks ten years younger than he is and not one inch a patriarch. He has always gone at top speed and continues to do so; he is in active practice at 15 West Eighth Street, gives radio health talks on an average of twice a week, and lectures, during the school term, at New York University, Fordham, and Stevens Institute of Technology. Since he received the big red, gold, and silver Grand Sachem badge in May of this year (he wears it on his waistcoat), he has added to his cares a good part of the burden of national unemployment. An average of twenty men a day ask him to use his good graces with the organization to get them jobs. He always tries.

THE Darlington family has been a distinguished one since Colonial days. A fighting tradition came down from Revolutionary ancestors to Darlington's father, who was an eminent



Dr. Thomas Darlington

New York attorney and abolitionist. When Darlington was four or five years old, his father caused a public uproar by toasting John Brown at a banquet, and gangs of hoodlums descended upon his downtown office and wrecked it. Fearing for the safety of his family, the elder Darlington moved it to a farm near Princeton, where the physician spent his boyhood. There the son became an expert horseman and a crack shot. In 1874 he matriculated at New York University, where he captained the football team, played the pipe organ in chapel, and sang in the glee club. After two years he switched to the College of Physicians and Surgeons; in 1880 he received his M.D. and began practice as a country doctor in the Kingsbridge section of New York City.

There Darlington covered fourteen miles of sparsely populated territory in the Riverdale and Spuyten Duyvil region. He killed two horses a season with hard driving. He worked sixteen hours a day, was on call morning and night, and snatched his sleep in a muddy buggy as he jolted along the rutted back roads. He was physician to such wealthy county fami-

lies as the Van Cortlandts, the Dyckmans, the Delafields, the Pynes, the Hutchinses, the Hayeses, and the Dodges, but the majority of his patients were the poor: foundry workers and farmers.

In 1884 he was physician for the workmen constructing the Williams Bridge Reservoir, and from 1885 until 1888 chief physician during the work on the Croton Aqueduct. Here he first began his researches. He proved that a bad epidemic of malaria could be explained by an influx of workmen from the swamps of Panama, where De Lesseps had finally abandoned his canal project. Then he made researches into tunnel poisoning. It had always been supposed that the poisoning was due to gases remaining after blasting; Darlington showed that it was caused by unexploded particles of nitroglycerin and that the use of large percussion caps and ammonia in the tunnel would cure the condition. This discovery has since cut down to a great

extent the casualties incident to excavation.

His experience with big-time construction work whetted Darlington's appetite for doctoring men in the mass, and through William E. Dodge, the celebrated "Christian Merchant," who was one of his wealthy patients, he was appointed physician at the Copper Queen Mine at Bisbee, Arizona. Of Bisbee, Darlington says: "There were thirteen saloons on the main street and my office was in the middle of the block; I had a large practice." He remained there three years.

His target eye with a gun came in handy. On the last day of his stagecoach journey to Bisbee, he received his initiation as a tenderfoot. Three cowboys on the stage, impelled to skylarking by a case of doubtful whiskey, began badgering the Easterner as the six-horse team ambled across the desolate wastes. Darlington, with some dignity, moved up with the

driver. Then, with alarm, he heard one of his two trunks thrown into the road.

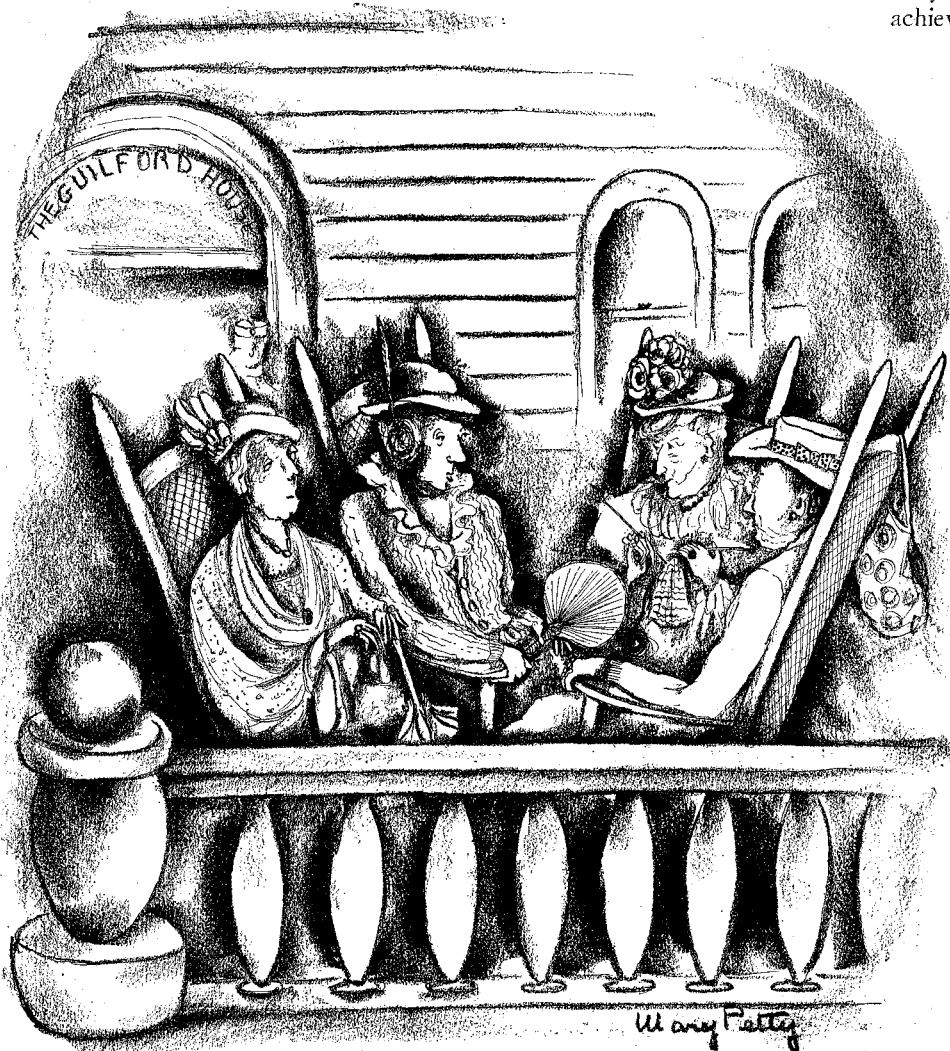
"No man needs that many clothes," said one cowboy.

"Or any," added another, and the second trunk went banging out.

The stagecoach drew to a halt. The pranksters, with elaborate boredom, began firing their six-shooters at an owl perched imperviously on a cactus seventy-five yards away. Darlington watched them a moment in silence and then drew his own pistol. With one shot—he admits he was lucky—he brought down the owl. There was a general gasp.

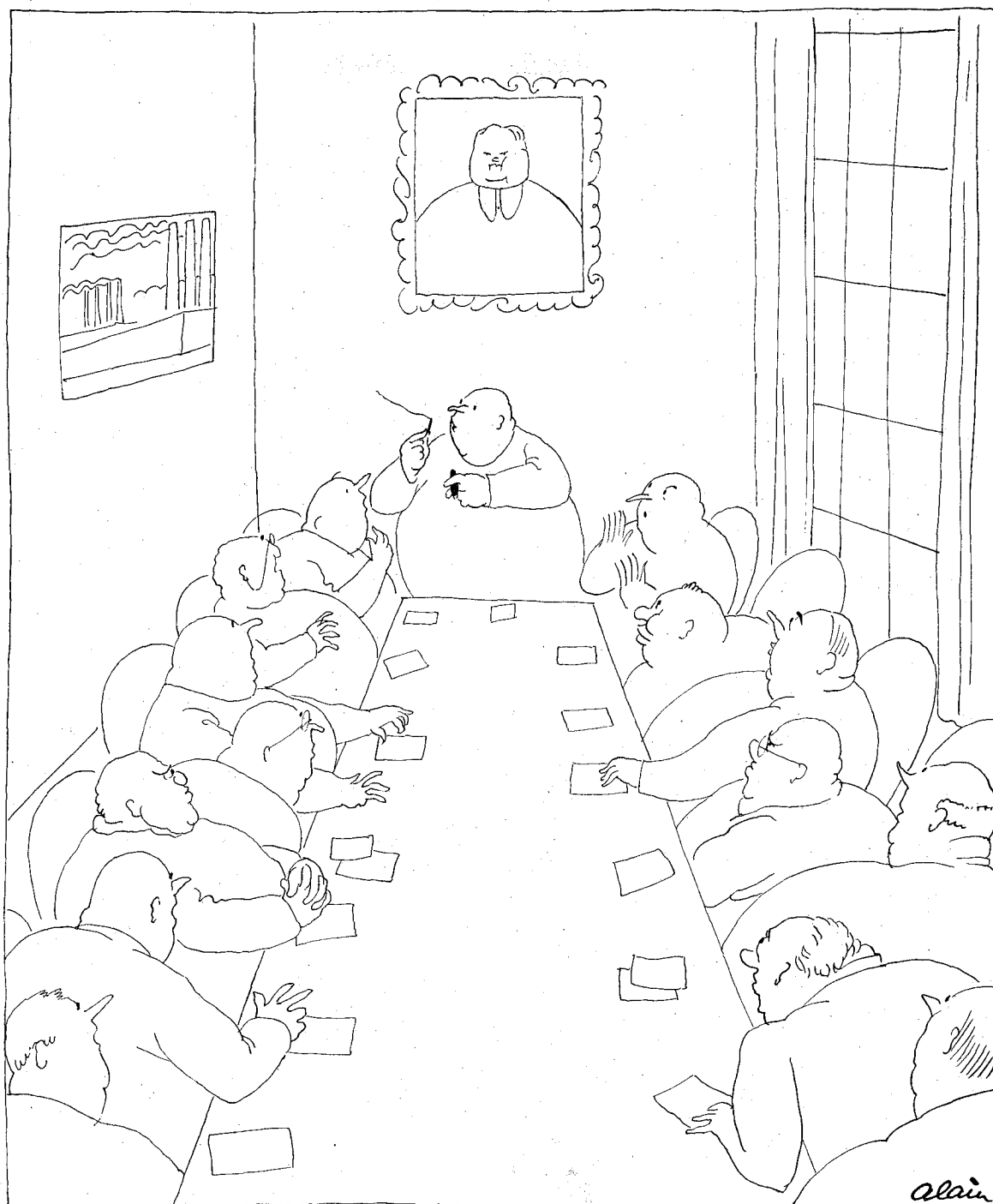
"A man who can shoot like that needs lots of clothes," suggested one of the cowboys finally, and the three of them trudged back over the dusty trail and lugged in the missing baggage.

DARLINGTON became New York's Commissioner of Health when Mayor McClellan took office. His achievements as Commissioner can hardly be overestimated. Perhaps he is more responsible than any other man for the fact that New York is a healthy city; certainly he was the father of the present sanitary code and the first man here in his field. Our milk supply today, regarded as the country's finest, came as a result of his activities. During his practice at Kingsbridge he was head of the school board and came to the conclusion that most backward students were backward because of bad health and improper feeding. He determined that in New York there must be a guarantee of pure milk. He introduced the program by which every dairy, creamery, and shipping station supplying the city must be inspected regularly and made to comply with sanitary regulations. Under him, daily tests of milk became a fact and laws were passed as to temperature and bacteriological content. Continuing his crusade for the protection of children, he instituted, for the first time in the United States, a general



"I think Dr. Winkel felt my liver was the biggest thing that ever came his way."

"Gentlemen,
do you
realize
that
this
great
corporation
might
be
blown
out—
just
like this!"



medical inspection of students in the public schools. Such inspections now are, of course, a commonplace, a part of every educational program.

There was a typhoid epidemic in New York shortly after he took office and, with his new authority, he closed three hundred wells, and, after a thorough inquiry, demanded and got a system of safeguards for the water supply; these safeguards still help to protect the city against plague. Perhaps the most interesting incident in this epidemic was the apprehension and incarceration of Mary Mallon, better known in medical annals as "Typhoid

Mary." She was one of those unhappy beings, a typhoid "carrier." Mary was employed as a cook, and when it was definitely shown that there had been cases of typhoid in twenty-six families for whom she worked, she was kept as a prisoner in the pesthouse. A court fight followed, but Darlington was upheld. The following administration, upon Mary's promise to give up her occupation as a cook, freed her. In January, 1916, twenty-five cases of typhoid were discovered at a local hospital. When the authorities inspected the kitchen, they found Mary there.

After the Iroquois Theatre fire in

Chicago, Darlington closed several New York playhouses and wrote the present safety regulations. He took over the supervision of midwives and lowered the rate of blindness among infants caused by infections at birth. He founded drug dispensaries for the poor, established free tuberculosis clinics in every section of the city, and, against the bitter opposition of conservatives in his own profession, opened at Otisville, New York, the first municipal sanitarium for tuberculosis. Perhaps statistics best sum up his record in office: the death rate in New York City declined during his administration from 20.1 per thousand in

1904 to 15.86 per thousand in 1910.

After Darlington became a private citizen again, he was retained by the United States Steel Corporation to investigate sanitary conditions in its plants. This led to his appointment as secretary of the welfare committee of the American Iron and Steel Institute, which virtually made him medical adviser to the entire industry. His report on sanitation, hygiene, sewage disposal, prevention of accidents, relief funds, recreation, and housing was an astounding public document, and the steel companies since have spent three hundred million dollars on a program based upon the report.

In 1916, when the National Guard was on the border, he investigated sanitary conditions there for civic agencies and went into Mexico with Pershing. During the World War, he was a major in the Medical Corps, acting as an epidemiologist at Camp Lee. At the same time he was consulting physician to the American International Shipbuilding Corporation and chairman of the Committee on Fatigue of the Council of National Defense. He belongs to almost a hundred scientific organizations and says that it is far too many. He is now chairman of the Smoke Abatement Commission here and started his work in 1930 in a characteristic way by hauling into court most of the shipping lines and large industries. He has never been afraid of a fight.

DARLINGTON is a convert to Tammany, and a family apostate. His lawyer-brother, Charles Francis, and his elder brother, the Right Reverend James H. Darlington, Episcopal Bishop of Harrisburg until his death a short time ago, were known as Republican stalwarts, and the Reverend Henry Darlington, son of the Bishop and rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, has led the attack of the pulpits on Tammany since the recent graft disclosures. The Grand Sachem himself was once president of the

Young Republican Club of Kingsbridge, and stumped for Garfield in 1880 and for James G. Blaine in 1884. His turn to the party of Jefferson and Tweed had a practical inception. Kingsbridge needed sidewalks and sewers and Spuyten Duyvil needed a causeway; Darlington pleaded with the Republicans for improvements on the ground of public health, and got nowhere. Then the ever-watchful eye of Tammany sought him out; the Democrats promised the causeway if the fighting doctor could deliver his parish vote. He did. Proselyting vigorously in church congregations and among his patients and the parents of school children, he delivered the section, bag and baggage, to the Hall and, once in the enemy's camp and the causeway built, he never went back.

In 1914, Darlington became a Sachem, and in 1925 he was made Father of the Council of Sachems, a position in which Thomas C. T. Crain has since succeeded him. In 1913, at the instigation of Charlie Murphy, Darlington stood for borough president of Manhattan; it was a Fusion year and, though running far ahead of the rest of the city ticket, he was beaten by twenty-five thousand votes. He never sought elective office again, but he still considers that, after the work he did as Commissioner of Health, the people of New York were pretty ungrateful.

Dress reform has always been one of his hobbies, and in late years

he has had a good deal of fun telling people what to put on their backs. Not so long ago he appeared at a Rotary Club luncheon in a pair of cotton union-suits. He advised the pot-bellied businessmen present to follow suit and, midway in his speech, caused considerable alarm by removing his loose coat and disclosing that there was no shirt beneath. Another fancy has been the designing of smocks suitable for wear by men; these, since he disapproves of tight collars and ties, button about the neck like military tunics. The Doctor created a neat chocolate-colored smock falling to the ankles for businessmen, and garments in colors varying from light tan to lavender for gentlemen of more leisurely vocations. There are also black satin smocks with white frogs on the sleeves and white satin smocks with black frogs to replace the dinner jacket for evening dress. Darlington wears, when not on parade, an ordinary sack suit, a hard white collar, and a Galsworthian polka-dotted tie.

THE Grand Sachem is an active churchman. In Kingsbridge for a time he played the organ in the Catholic church, was an Episcopal vestryman, shepherded the Presbyterian Sunday school, doctored the Methodists, and fell (to round out his nonsectarianism) in a Baptist immersion tank. He was a trustee of the Episcopal Archdeaconry of New York and at present attends the First Presbyterian Church, of which he is a deacon. He is an earnest student of Biblical history, a staunch admirer of Harry Emerson Fosdick, and a bitter foe of the prohibition law.

His family's preoccupation has always been music. His brother, the Bishop, edited the Episcopal hymnal, and Darlington, while still a college boy, covered musical openings for the New York Sun during the illness of Francis Bowman, then the critic. He still remembers with a wondering awe Theodore Thomas conducting the Philharmonic; he is quite un-Christian in his attitude toward Stravinski and Scriabin and has a faint suspicion that even the whole-tone scale is an invention of the devil. Personally he prefers the tuneful music of "Martha" and the lighter operas, but occasionally his daughter, Dorothea, and his son, Clinton Pelham (who are partners in an insurance firm on John Street), are invited to sit in on a musical evening at his 27 Washing-



SMALL FRY
*The solemn business
of diving*



"I notice these roses have white centres. Are they meant to be that way?"

ton Square home, and then he plays on the piano with still-lithe fingers Beethoven sonatas, Scarlatti, and Mozart.

It has long been Dr. Darlington's contention that not seventy but one hundred and twenty years is the real life-span of man. He has no intention or hope of proving the point himself, but he freely gives instructions as to how that end may be achieved. Those instructions are for others; he never observes them himself, since the program includes much leisure, the conservation of nervous energy, and parsimony of thought. The alligator, he suggests, has a brain the size of your thumbnail, never thinks, enjoys plenty of leisure, and lives nine hundred years. One of his commandments he obeys: "Don't worry." As a physician, he places that commandment above all others, and he quotes Scripture to back him up:

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." —MILTON MACKAYE

BLAISDELL

IT'S lucky I met Blaisdell when I did, because I know how to take him. He was walking along the street, carrying his hat and a flat brown-paper package. He had been making a corkscrew of his topmost lock of hair, something he always does in distress.

"Hello, Blaisdell," I said.

Blaisdell shied and stopped. "Hello," he said. There was an odd look in his eyes. He had been living in a world he'd thought up.

"I've been eating an apple in a publisher's office," he told me, gesturing toward the building he'd just left. "It crunched like—like peanut brittle. Good and loud. Listen," he said, "you ever been in that publisher's office—the reception-room?"

"Yes," I said. "The cathedral."

"You know those thousand-dollar divans they have there? Those thousand-dollar rugs? That girl at

the desk—you know her? Well, I went in there, to sell my book to the publisher. I told the girl at the desk I wanted to see So-and-So. She said he was out. I said I'd wait. She said he probably wouldn't be in all day. I said I'd wait anyhow. So I sat down on one of those divans. Finally the place got on my nerves. I went back to the desk, and told the girl I was still waiting. She said So-and-So hadn't come in—probably wouldn't come in all week. I walked back to the divan and sat down again.

"Well, I got hungry. I pulled an apple out of my pocket, spread my newspaper out on my lap, peeled the apple, and let the peelings fall on the paper. Then I sat and ate the apple. Then I had my

other idea. I walked from the thousand-dollar divan through the thousand-dollar rug to the thousand-dollar girl at the desk and asked her to telephone down to the drugstore and have them send me up a bottle of milk—"

"BLAISDELL, you didn't!" I said. "With a straw," Blaisdell said proudly. "I handed her a dime to pay for it. That fetched her. She happened to remember that So-and-So had been in his office all along. I went in and saw him and gave him my manuscript. I told him he'd better read it. Somebody," he said dreamily, "somebody is going to read my book."

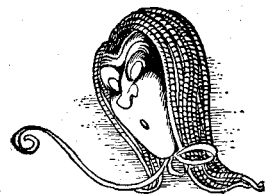
I took his arm tenderly. "Come on, Blaisdell," I said. "Come on to lunch." I knew he had his book right with him as usual. I knew he hadn't done what he said. But I knew how much he wished he had.

—FRANCES WARFIELD



SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE RETREAT TO MOSCOW



WALTER DURANTY sailed from New York last week aboard the Bremen. After an absence craftily prolonged to a full three months, he was returning (with a new Buick and a Monday morning face) to his post as Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*. There are jollier assignments than one involving prolonged confinement in that bleak citadel of the other noble experiment and for Duranty, after ten years of it, Moscow can no longer have the same novelty that presumably imparted such a tang to the week which Mr. Shaw lavishly devoted last year to becoming an authority on Soviet Russia. But since he has the lively curiosity and the passionless detachment usually credited to the Man from Mars, he is just the person for the job and, as he now trundles down the road from Leningrad, it must be some satisfaction to know that he is on his way back to a post for which he is better equipped by experience than anyone else in the world.

ON this last visit here, his time was spent in trying to explain to all manner of people what Soviet Russia is really like. Franklin Roosevelt, Ellin Berlin, Paul Robeson, Brother Borah—the strangest congregation sat at his feet. And enjoyed it, I am sure, for Duranty is one of the first talkers of our time. Indeed, it used to be a point of warm agreement between the late William Bolitho and myself that, in our wanderings around the world, we had met up with no other man who could make a purposeless hour at some sidewalk café so memorably delightful.

I have thought so ever since I first encountered him in the summer of 1914 on the *terrasse* of the *Closerie des Lilas*. I cannot pretend, however, that in the young Duranty of that ominous June, I even dimly foresaw the considerable personage he has since become. It would have required an extraordinary prescience to prophesy that this courteous but flighty and effervescent little English expatriate, with a faint air of skullduggery about him, would one day become our most profoundly respected envoy in Europe. It should be remembered that, at that time, he had been a newspaper man for little more than six months. To be sure, he was even then on the staff of the *Times*, but, in the days before the War had made this country uncomfortably aware of Europe, the post of Paris correspondent was an inconsiderable one. That office was only a dingy garret up five flights of stairs in the Rue Louis le Grand and it was a rare day when the chief had anything more important with which to make the cables hum than a description of Mrs. Jackson Gouraud's gown at Longchamp. And Duranty, mind you, was merely assistant to the correspondent, at a salary, I think, of a louis a week.

It was his job to wait up every morning long enough to see the first edition of the *Matin*, and also to go on sundry out-of-town assignments. The first of these to come his way, believe it or not, was an interview (through the bars of the jail at Romorantin) with Ferdinand Pinney Earle. If, despite so orthodox a début, I attached scant importance to his prospects as a newspaper man, it was because I knew that ever since his exit from Cambridge seven years before (Duranty and Hugh Walpole were at Emmanuel together), he had merely drifted from port to

port, seeing life and making love. It was a fly-by-night, New York-to-Marseilles, hand-to-mouth existence, financed by occasional jobs of pumping Latin into some bird-brain son of the rich, occasional stories sold to Mr. Munsey's *Argosy*, occasional lucky shots at the Derby and the Grand Prix. It was the kind of vagabondage I thought of as more beloved when confined to the pages of W. J. Locke, for I had been brought up in a world where each youth was supposed to hurry from college to the bottom rung of some ladder and climb same until he died of exhaustion. I was not seasoned enough then to realize that Duranty was taking a more fruitful post-graduate course in the humanities than anyone I knew.

Then he himself seemed to think of his journalistic career as impermanent. Even as I left Paris that year, he was going into dubious cahoots with one Arthur Cravan, a Latin Quarter character who was said to be a nephew of Oscar Wilde and who, when in his cups, claimed an even closer relationship. The plan was to raise a little money by exploiting this pretty fellow as a boxer, and I remember the night at the Bal Bullier when Duranty went among the dancers distributing yellow hand-bills which proclaimed the début of the "*neveu du feu Oscar Wilde*" with the legend "*On parlera, on chantera, on boxera.*" With the receipts they would then proceed to Bucharest for a really profitable match. To ensure its being profitable these big dreamers planned to introduce Cravan there as Bombardier Wells, and the idea was to leave town before the aggrieved Roumanians discovered their error. Skullduggery, indeed.

WELL, the War put an end to all that nonsense. Cravan, who was eventually shot, I believe, while swimming the Rio Grande, vanishes from the story. The War picked Duranty up by the scruff and, to the grumbling frustration of the British recruiting office, turned him into a war correspondent, attached (not very deeply) to the French armies. Then came his long, close, enriching comradeship with Bolitho. It was a partnership of the spirit. Next a railroad wreck on the road to Havre cost him a foot, not only subduing his *Wanderlust* but, thanks to the indemnity wrung from the French Government, turning him into a man of property with a subtly different point of view. Finally chance and his own questing spirit took him to Moscow and set him down before the most momentous experiment in human history.

Now he has resumed this vigil. For the next few weeks, I suppose, he will be engaged in the still more baffling task of telling Russians what America—this new, this bewildered America—is really like. If so, they will hear good talk and true, and they may notice, if they are perceptive, that, unlike most celebrated talkers, he listens well. Indeed, I am suddenly visited by a dark suspicion that Bolitho's and my enthusiasm for Duranty's conversation was derived in some measure from the fact that he pays anyone he is with an exquisitely considerate attention. In his company one rediscovers that, just as the neglected fine art of listening is half the secret of good acting, so it is the whole secret—all there is, really—of good manners.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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Buy the Grape Juice *doctors* recommend

Just picture your child back of this glass of Welch's Grape Juice. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, radiant smile . . . symbols of health . . . the result of protecting care.

Welch's Grape Juice is nature's own energy builder. A glowing purple liquid food containing practically all of the health-giving properties of ripe grapes, fresh from the vine. Body-building elements (286 calories to each pint), in a form extremely easy to digest. Children need this liquid food . . . and best of all, they love it.

"She's worth the best" . . . so insist on pasteurized Welch's Grape Juice, the purest made . . . the richest in health-giving elements . . . recommended by doctors the world over.

A famous scientist and physician took Welch's into the test tube and found it rich in blood-building and body-energizing properties—the very

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"Drink a bunch of grapes"

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

KNICKERBOCKER VILLAGE-I

IN 1929 Fred F. French sought, through dummy corporations, to buy forty-five acres between the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges in order to demolish ancient tenements and build a modern walk-to-work community within easy reach of the financial district. He did not get the forty-five acres. He succeeded in buying fifteen acres composed of three hundred and fifty-seven separate parcels, and these were acquired after three hundred and fifty-seven battles of wits between the East Side property-owners and French's agents.

French was compelled to act through dummies. Public knowledge of his plans would have killed the project. Had it become known that he was assembling solid blocks for a development like his Tudor City, the property-owner would have reasoned: "My lot is the key to the project. If I refuse to sell, it will spoil the block. I'll make French pay accordingly." The buyer was suspected of being nearly every important man in the country. He was Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Al Smith, August Heckscher, the Van Sweringens, New York State, New York City, the United States, a group of Southern capitalists, an Armenian philanthropist, and most of the trunk-line railroads. He was even suspected of being Fred F. French. The myth-making powers of the fourteen nationalities of the section were busy. New identities were invented daily for the Big Chief who was running wild on the East Side real-estate market with five million dollars in cash. The whole operation was a realtor's epic, a Homeric tale of haggling, scheming, plotting, and counter-plotting. French and his forty-one confidential men fought to keep prices down; the property-owners and a horde of interlopers battled to force them up. The outsiders tried every device to penetrate the secret, and the insiders worked vigilantly to defend it. Within a month after the buying wave had started, private detectives, hired by inquisitive realtors, were trailing all strangers on the East Side, including one another.

The fifteen acres purchased by French were formerly covered by some of New York's worst slums. Several of the blocks received international attention through Jacob Riis' "How the

Other Half Lives." Large areas were purchased along Cherry and Water Streets, which once formed the underworld's underworld. Among French's acquisitions is the site of the sailors' boarding house, brothel, and bank of Mother Olsen, who was credited thirty years ago with inventing the banking principle of having depositors strangled in their beds in order to render unnecessary the return of their deposits. On the southeastern fringe of the Knickerbocker Village tract is the site of the old Sportsmen's Hall, which sixty years ago was one of the world's greatest amphitheatres consecrated to terrier-and-rat fighting, a popular recreation which lives in a spirited Currier & Ives

print of the renowned terrier, Major, making a new world's record by finishing one hundred rats in eight minutes and fifty-eight seconds. In recent years the locality has lost most of its color. It has grown peaceful, unexciting, and comparatively healthy.

THE rush of real-estate brokers into the section started on March 2. Scores of lots were purchased at low prices before rumors of a real-estate boom had time to spread. At the first rush, the block bounded by Cherry, Water, Market, and Catharine was taken almost in its entirety. Luck played a part in this. A few years earlier, William Randolph Hearst had



*"Remember me? I'm the fellow that
raided you last week."*

"Keeping my skin lovely at home is so easy now —"

M^{RS.}— Lawrence Coolidge



Mrs. Coolidge photographed removing with Pond's Cleansing Tissues the rich Cold Cream used for cleansing . . .

Pond's Cold Cream does *more than cleanse*. It has the perfect consistency. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin. Use it to bring life and freshness to a tired skin.



Applying her favorite Vanishing Cream to protect, give velvety finish and hold powder for hours.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before and after exposure. One application gives a lovely finish.



Photographs by Nickolas Muray

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Brilliant young society leader shows you exactly the simple steps of her home beauty treatment

MRS. COOLIDGE's fresh girlish complexion is as natural as her unaffected cordiality. "Certainly I'll show you my complexion care. As a matter of fact, I do it myself.

"First comes *cleansing*—I always use this Pond's Cold Cream, its rich oils get every bit of grime out of my pores. And Pond's Cleansing Tissues to remove it—they are *softer*, more absorbent than ordinary tissues.

"Then comes *stimulating*. A brisk patting like this with cotton soaked in Pond's Skin Freshener to refine the pores, tone and bring up my natural color.

"Now for *protecting*—this silky Pond's Vanishing Cream protects my skin, holds the powder and doesn't dry my skin.

"There—that's all. Simple, isn't it?

"Of course, *at bedtime*, after thoroughly cleansing my skin with this rich Cold Cream, I put on an extra bit of the cream and leave it on overnight to *lubricate* my skin.

"These four Pond's preparations give just the things your skin needs—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating and Protecting."

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9.30 P.M., E.D.S.T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmized for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

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The Master's Touch MAKES it a COCKTAIL

HELP yourself to a long drink of original College Inn Tomato Cocktail. Taste it—then you'll know why it's called tomato cocktail—more than mere tomato juice. It's carefully, delicately seasoned to provide a flavor unmatched, *unequalled* anywhere. There's no more reason to drink unseasoned tomato juice than to eat unseasoned salads or meats.

Only College Inn gives you masterful tomato cocktail blending—all the glory of whole tomatoes *plus* the Master's touch.

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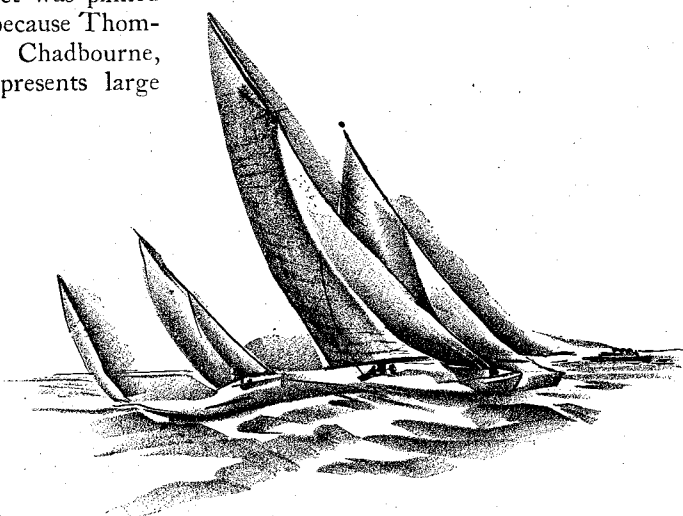
taken options on most of the block. Some of the property-owners tried to hold him up. Hearst quit negotiating and built the plant of the *American* elsewhere. Greatly disappointed over the failure of that deal, the owners of this block were in a mood to listen to reason when new buyers appeared. But by the end of the first week, the news was travelling. Prices stiffened. Speculators entered the field.

The most popular rumor was that a large tract was being assembled for railroad use. It was conjectured that the Long Island Railroad planned to extend its line by another tunnel to Manhattan. Some of the diehards still believe this to be the real explanation. Another guess was that all the railroads terminating in New Jersey were jointly buying the property for a Manhattan terminal. Next, the Van Sweringens, then expanding in every direction, were seeking a foothold in New York. The Federal Government had vetoed a proposal to make Governors Island an airport; therefore, it was reasoned, the East Side was about to be converted into an airport. Wilder excitement followed; "Gold has been discovered in Catharine Street" was the cry in fourteen languages, and the whole section was suspected of being another Klondike. When French was buying for Tudor City, the prevailing rumor was that oil had been struck; this was one of the few rumors that did not spring up in the Knickerbocker Village region. One of the most active of the brokers was Joseph Schroeder; he isn't related to Henry J. Schroeder, then of the General Utilities Corporation, but the similarity of name was enough to start the report that the real estate was being bought for a General Utilities project. The lawyer for one of French's dummy companies was William M. Chadbourne of Chadbourne, Hunt, Jaekel & Brown; so the project was pinned on the sugar-producers, because Thomas L. Chadbourne of Chadbourne, Stanchfield & Levy represents large sugar interests. And then Al Smith had gone mad and was buying everything in sight and was going to give it to the people for a park. Next New York City was buying the property to extend the Civic Centre to the East River. August Heckscher and Lieu-

tenant-Governor Lehman were assembling a site for model apartments. Henry Ford was buying for some purpose not clearly understood, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was plotting to move the financial district from the tip of Manhattan to the lower East Side.

MORE than one hundred and fifty parcels were purchased in the first two weeks of the drive. This was a good showing, considering the difficulties. In the first place, many of the owners were absentee Irish landlords. The Irish, once populous in the section, had nearly all moved elsewhere. The prevalent nationalities today are Italian, Greek, and Spanish. Some of the local brokers did business by talking a hodgepodge Mediterranean-American dialect; others had to take along interpreters. Many of the natives were puzzled and alarmed by the invasion of strange people from north of Canal Street. One of the dummy corporations sent into Oliver Street a broker who wore spats and carried a cane. A mob collected. The man escaped in a taxicab. Owners often agreed on a price one day but repudiated it by advice of counsel the next. Some profited by this advice; others held on until after the crash and would be glad today to sell their properties for less than the 1929 offer.

Most of the Jewish population had moved out of the area. In recent years the Synagogue Mishkon Israel Anshei Suvalk at 38-40 Henry Street had had difficulty in recruiting the congregation of ten adults required by the Jewish law for the holding of services. A price for the synagogue property was quickly agreed upon. The presiding officer of the synagogue was about to sign the contract of sale when a bearded ancient rushed in exclaiming furiously. Other venerable members of the synagogue



"That was the summer Betty was 3"



Make the memory last forever in Ciné-Kodak movies

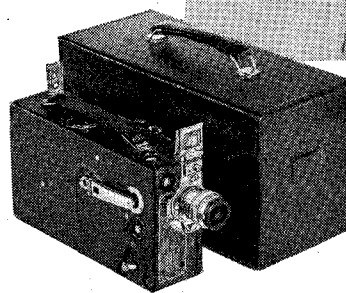
"WE took a Ciné-Kodak along with us on our vacation. That was two years ago. I can't begin to tell you the fun we've had taking movies. And what a comfort it is to have these *living* pictures of the children. Our children can never grow entirely away from us."

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CINÉ-KODAK MODEL K. This versatile, all-purpose camera permits quick change of lenses and can be fitted for Kodacolor (movies in full color). Comes with Kodak Anastigmat f.3.5 or f.1.9. Leather covered . . . black, blue or brown . . . and chromium trimmed. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film.

You Pay No Tax . . . The government has placed a ten per cent tax on cameras and on other articles that you use in your leisure hours. But as all outdoors invites your Ciné-Kodak, this company is not going to have anything interfere with that invitation. It is going to absorb the tax. There is no increase in the price you pay for any Eastman camera. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

"Quick! SIMPKINS, HOW MANY CYLINDERS?"



Only the Westinghouse is Dual-automatic

OUR heart bleeds for the major. Here he is, engaged in a futile exploration. For it will take more than a flashlight and milady's hand-mirror to bring to light the many mechanical superiorities of the Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigerator... features that are so securely sealed away in a house of steel.

BUT... regardless, we know the major, good old scout, will stand toe to toe and argue fearlessly with anyone that his Westinghouse Refrigerator is twin-six, 21 jewel, 24 karat or any measure of the acme of perfection. For the way it keeps food fresh, freezes ice, and performs in general,

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Yes, apartment owners and dwellers alike are enthusiastic about the performance of this modern refrigerator. Its unusual dual-automatic dependability accounts for tenant's complete satisfaction. And its rugged durability and trouble-free service make owner's money the source of profit they have a right to expect. Just let us prove these points to you... Scan these important advantages:

Built-in Watchman Control and Selective Temperature Control... All-Porcelain Interior and All-Porcelain Froster... Buffet-Top and Broom-high Legs... Unit in Top and Completely Concealed Mechanism.



AHOY APARTMENT OWNERS! Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigerators with trouble-free, hermetically-sealed units are now on display in our showrooms. You are invited to inspect them, and to take advantage of our planning service for modern apartment kitchens.

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New York City

began to nod and pull their beards in agreement with the newcomer. The contract could not be signed, they said, until it included a stipulation that the synagogue should never be used as a church. The contract was redrafted to provide against desecration, and the synagogue is now being refitted for temporary use as a motion-picture house. Another deed was executed with a stipulation; the Sobol brothers, filling-station magnates, sold a property, but insisted on the clause that it could never be used as a filling station. Cash was used in all transactions because of the psychological effect produced by a roll of bills on a wavering property-owner. One discovery made by the brokers in the Knickerbocker Village operation was that high prices run in families. When a staggering price was demanded for a lot on one block and equally outrageous figures placed on parcels in nearby blocks, it often turned out that the owners were sisters, cousins, or other close kin. Some owners would entertain no offer because of their sentimental attachment to the neighborhood. There was no place like home, even when the home was infamous in the literature of New York slums.

NO outward relationship appeared between the dummy corporations. Each had its own offices, its own lawyers, its own bank, its own set of brokers, its own title company. The prospective Knickerbocker Village area was divided into five sections, each company working exclusively in its own section. A private wire was used whenever an executive of the dummy companies had to communicate with George A. Walker, French's chief of staff. The dummy executives always referred to themselves by dummy names in these conversations. When any party to the secret compact called in person at the French headquarters at 551 Fifth Avenue, he eluded spies by getting off at the wrong floor and reaching the French offices by the fire escape.

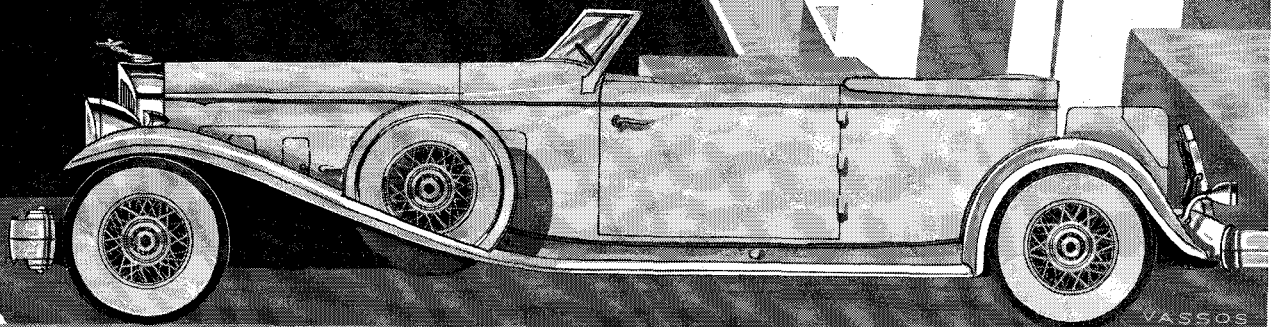
One rule, adopted for the purpose of baffling spies, was that the brokers representing the dummy companies should give no sign of recognition when they met one another on the street. The general rule was to deny no rumor and to lend a sympathetic ear to all of them. A broker who put in a bid for one



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PACKARD now offers a fully complete line of distinguished fine cars, both Eights and Twelves. These modern Packards today dominate the entire quality field, for they are priced from the lowest figure at which any truly fine car is sold to as much as you care to pay. ¶ Particularly worthy of your inspection at this time of year are the long wheelbase models of the Standard Eight, especially the Club Sedan, the several Coupes and the three beautiful open cars. The Standard Eights include every improvement, every refinement found on the finest cars that Packard builds—features which have contributed largely to Packard's well known and well earned reputation as the Aristocrat of the Metropolis. ¶ May we demonstrate your favorite model?

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WITH CUNARD YOUR HOST



AUGUST : : VIRGO

A Virgin, aloof and cool, on breeze-swept Nova Scotian shores.



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LABOR DAY CRUISE**

Sails Sept. 2, (Friday midnight)
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All accommodations
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4 DAYS

Spare yourself these wilting August week-ends! Every Friday midnight one of the great Cunarders sails to cool northern shores, returning Tuesday morning.

You know these famous ships. You will enjoy their familiar splendor, their inspired cuisine, in the holiday mood of these short summer voyages. You will be offered (not insistently!) an inexhaustible repertory of diversions athletic and social. And you will feel assured, as always, of the faultless taste of great Cunarders . . . hosts ever solicitous of your comfort and repose!

These Week-End Cruises were created by Cunard . . . have been incomparably perfected in the course of considerable experience. Traditional Cunard patrons are making them a habit. To reduce immeasurably this summer's discomfort, you too should book the Cunard calendar!

SEE YOUR LOCAL AGENT
NO ONE CAN SERVE YOU BETTER

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WEEK-END CRUISES

THE WEEK-END CRUISE . . . ORIGINATED BY . . . PERFECTED BY . . . CUNARD

parcel was never to display any interest in the adjoining parcels; the purpose of this being to give the impression that the buyer was interested in scattered properties and not eager to assemble solid blocks. Most of the brokers employed by the dummy companies did not know that French was the mysterious figure known as the Big Chief.

The forty-two persons in the secret not only had taken an oath of secrecy but had signed a document which bound them not to discuss any part of the project with "anyone." "Anyone" included, the document continued, "wife, friends, business associates and officers, directors and employes of the French companies, except the undersigned." The oath further bound the forty-two not to take advantage of their information to speculate on their own account or to give any obscure hint which would aid anyone else in speculating. French would intone this oath as a litany. At intervals he would call the oath-bound associates together, tell them that most secrets were betrayed by forgetfulness rather than by bad faith, and proceed to chant the words of the compact.

The oath was kept in spite of many kinds of pressure. Old clients pleaded with the lawyers of the dummy companies for a little information. Old friends and business associates appealed to others of the sworn forty-two. Coaxing was succeeded by threats and sometimes by bribe offers. Selikowitz of the Allied Metal Yards, Inc., was promised a fortune if he would come over with his information to a real-estate pool. Schroeder of the Tenement Renovation Company received a flat offer of one hundred thousand dollars for his inside information. Most of the others were tempted in one way or another, but there were no known leaks either through dishonesty or inadvertence. One of the forty-two signers went wrong. He stole one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. But even he kept the oath of secrecy.

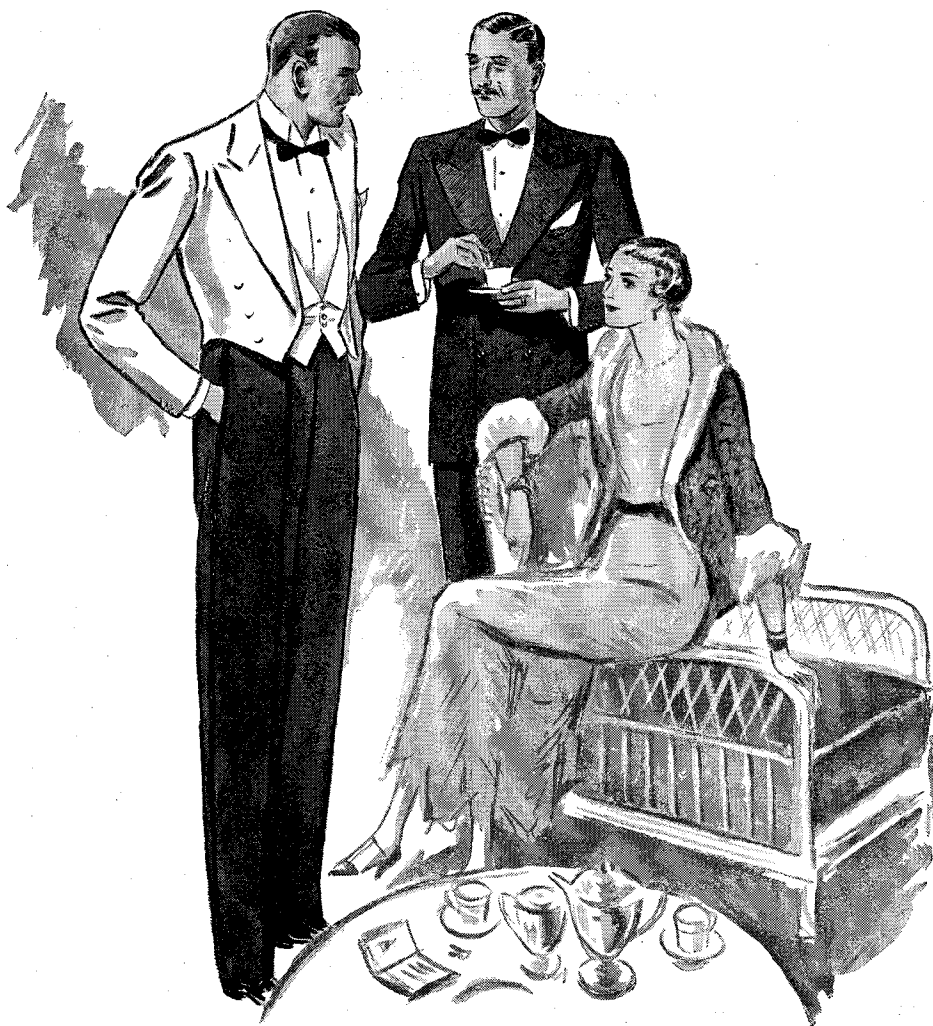
—ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the first of two articles on Knickerbocker Village. The second will appear next week.)

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From a country weekly]

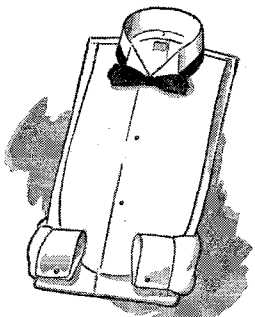
A bee at the home of Mrs. Ruth Whitt quickly replaced the shingles on the roof of her house which was damaged by fire a few days back.



From India's coral strand—



Patent leather pumps, as correct as they are comfortable . \$11.50



Dress shirts, tailored to custom standards, from \$2.75. Complete selection of ties, collars, jewelry.

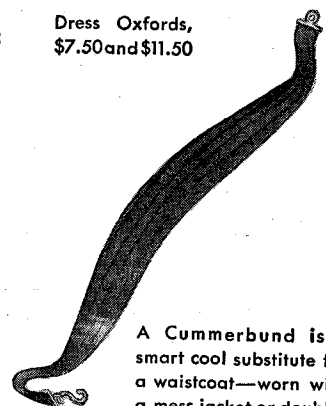
There came the British Army officers with their smart, trim mess jackets. The idea was adopted by well-dressed men in the better clubs—one of many dress notes civilians have borrowed from the army.

With the acceptance of the vogue here we introduced mess jackets to our customers.

Mess jackets, double-breasted summer dinner coats, English-cut business and sport suits—whatever is new and good in styles for men assuredly you will find here.



Dress Oxfords, \$7.50 and \$11.50



A Cummerbund is a smart cool substitute for a waistcoat—worn with a mess jacket or double-breasted dinner jacket. \$6

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In New York: Broadway at Liberty, Warren, 13th and 35th Streets, and Fifth Ave. at 41st St.

In Boston: Tremont at Bromfield

In Chicago: Anderson & Brothers, Michigan at Washington

RAMESSES II



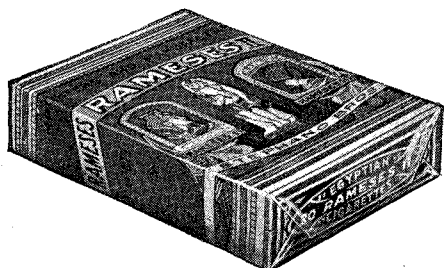
Let the Turkish richness of Rameses be your first earnest of prosperity... A richness that comes from far countries, from Macedonia and from Thrace. A richness that comes from cosily tobaccos, from Yaka and Serres, from Zeknia and Mahalla. A richness that will appeal to all who know and appreciate the marvel of undiluted, true Turkish tobacco. Rameses, made entirely of these cosily tobaccos, imprison all their delicious aroma, their cool flavor, their mellow mildness and hold them ready for you. Stephano Brothers, Philadelphia, Penna.

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20 Cigarettes
for 35 Cents

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BROTHERS**



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Fish & Marvin, Real Estate,
521 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

GENTLEMEN:

I AM planning to take my vacation the last two weeks in August, and should appreciate your advising me at your earliest convenience whether or not you have on your list a place renting at ten dollars a week which will fit the following requirements:

I should like a little white cottage with green shutters and hot and cold running water in the country, not far from the woods. The woods must be dense, but easy to walk in, without a lot of that low prickery stuff that tears stockings. There should be an old Southern Mammy in the cottage who will bring to my room mornings a breakfast consisting of a full glass of orange juice, hot cereal with cream, bacon and eggs, buckwheat cakes, buttered toast, and several cups of good strong coffee. I like my toast burned.

I want a good supply of the best applejack somewhere around the house. I also want a Mason & Hamlin grand piano in the living-room, and a private bath. If possible, I should like hollyhocks in the garden.

Inasmuch as I hate to be alone, I should like to have you arrange to rent a room on the first floor to a Yale man, and a room on the second floor to a Princeton man. You may put a Harvard man in the attic. This will give me three points of view. These men should be able to play a sound game of Contract and sing a *cappella*. They must not be athletes, as I do not intend to play any tennis or golf, and will not swim. If there is a brook in the woods, I may wade on a very hot day, but that is all unless there is a dog. I might run with the dog.

Bearing in mind that a holiday should be a change from the sort of life I lead the other fifty weeks of the year, I want to be sure that the depression, politics, etc., are never mentioned. I don't want to see a newspaper. You may tell my housemates, in case they are interested, that I am a white woman, young, charming, and have beautiful auburn hair. I do not mention religion, as I imagine the boys will be atheists. I think anybody who is anybody is an atheist, don't you?

I forgot one thing. Could there be a newt? A newt is so amusing.

Very truly yours,
ANN TERWILLIGER

**Are YOU
getting**

VACATION HAIR



"VACATION HAIR," that's what they call stringy, salt-laden, sun-bleached, water-soaked hair. You won't have it if you will only use Kreml, that marvelous German Hair Tonic, regularly all summer. It prevents the sun from baking out the natural oils. It removes every trace of salt and grime. It keeps your scalp free from dandruff, your hair smooth, lustrous and healthy. Wonderfully economical for women, Kreml makes waves last longer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

KREML

**NOT STICKY—
WON'T DRY THE SCALP**

If you want soft, silky hair that's easy to manage, try the marvelous *New Kreml Shampoo* too—a pure liquid olive oil formula especially compounded for use with Kreml to get best results. Same guarantee.

"Oh Yeah?"

BUT SCIENCE SAYS O.G. IS THE BEST CIGARETTE"



*This is to certify that in 75 repeated tests made of four leading cigarette brands . . . measuring the heat content of each cigarette by the Calorimeter method . . . it was shown that OLD GOLD is from 112 to 156 B. T. U's. COOLER than the other brands. Careful measurement of the heat of the smoke further confirmed OLD GOLD'S coolness.

Signed: NEW YORK TESTING LABORATORIES
G. Brinton Jack, Jr., Director

IT'S PRETTY hard to duck away from those tireless cigarette ads. Wherever you go, they're apt to float right up alongside of you and whisper their coaxing claim: "Mine's Milder!" "Fresher!" "Kinder!"

But how about listening to some scientific facts, instead of adjectives?

In 75 laboratory tests of 4 leading cigarettes checked by scientists* of two universities,

OLD GOLD was found to be the coolest cigarette, and therefore the most delightful in every way.

OLD GOLD won these tests because it is made of the PUR-EST and choicest tobacco . . . free of all heat-generating flavorings. That's the "why" of "not a cough in a carload." The why of OLD GOLD'S greater taste appeal, and throat-ease.

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OLD GOLDS ARE PURE TOBACCO • NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, AUG. 1

WINTER BEGINS OFFICIALLY FOR YOU AND

ME WITH THE FIRST FASHION OPENINGS, FEATURING PLENTY OF FURS AND HEAVY WOOLLENS. HAVE SEEN ONLY TWO COLLECTIONS, BUT SO FAR EVERYTHING IS PRETTY PRACTICAL, THANK GOD. VERA BOREA ANSWERS MY TWO-YEAR-OLD PLEA WITH A MODIFIED NORFOLK SUIT NOT TOO HORSY. WATCH FOR HER FOX-TAIL FUR SCARVES, HER PLUS-FOUR SKI PANTS, AND HER ASBESTOS WHITE EVENING DRESSES. IN GENERAL, COLORS ARE SOBERER THAN YOU WOULD EXPECT. REDFERN USES LOTS OF PURPLE, BUT DON'T LET IT ALARM YOU. WITH EYES TIGHT SHUT AND HANDS TIED, I STILL PICK BLACK VELVET AS THIS YEAR'S STANDARD EQUIPMENT.

B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

WINTER begins today, B. M. dear, does it? Well, maybe in Paris you got crisp autumnal weather. The little messenger-boy collapsed panting as he delivered your cable, and the mannequins along Seventh Avenue were dissolving in rivulets inside their heavy woollens and furs. Me, with my good, kind heart, couldn't look on and watch them suffer, so this week the sermon will deal with the hat question in representative places around town, whilst I ponder what, in the name of Schiaparelli, an asbestos white evening dress can possibly be.

IN the good old days that our mothers sing hosannas about, women bought hats to cheer themselves up, to intrigue a new beau, or to celebrate one occasion or another. There was none of this grim business about "completing an ensemble" then, I can tell you. This year, again, the hats have that what-the-hell mood about them. And if your sweet pan, gentle reader, can't find *something* gay and astounding that will set it off to best advantage this season, my advice is to cover said pan with a pillow.

In the atelier of John-Fredericks, for instance, they have mad, mad ideas. One is a sort of 1910 sailor, with a pancake crown not more than two inches high, and a brim anywhere from one and a half to three and a half

inches wide. You wear these straight across the brow, so that both sides of your hair and the back of it are completely exposed. They like two-color combinations on these: brown with two red bands encircling the "crown," and little tabs sticking out from them; yellow wool with three little gray animal heads along one side of the crown; yellow-leather crown and black brim and bands—cuckoo things like that. The place has dozens of them, all different, all young. Then there is a quaint pillbox hat of black velvet, tilted down toward the right a bit, and showing all the hair in the rear. And a Mary Stuart kind of thing, dipping in a semicircle over the forehead, made of a black wool stuff with a sort of

cording edge. This semicircular dip down over the right eye appears around here a lot, sometimes with a roguish green feather sticking straight forward, sometimes very demure. In case these are too conservative for your taste, however, geev a look at the umbrella hats, my lass. They start at the top of your head and descend in great rounded zigzag flops about your face. Practically no break between brim and crown at all, and darn dashing if you can get away with them. You can have them with picture-hat brims, if you are bridesmaid-minded, or with narrower ones that somehow bring out the Victorian hussy in you. All kinds of dull-surfaced fabrics, woolly-looking, and felts and ante-



"Well—I'd like to think it over. You see, I don't want to rush into anything."

Now you can bring back NATURAL COLOR to GRAY HAIR

*...without the use of DANGEROUS DYE
...in the privacy of your own home*

TEN little drops of a precious golden fluid—and your hair begins to glow with its natural, youthful color! That is the miraculous discovery of Carmelita Gomez, who from far off Trinidad, brought us this native secret.

American business provided the means, the facilities for research. Then came months filled with many disappointments, with grim determination at last rewarded.

Absolutely Safe — Harmless

Now—imprisoned in a bottle—is this miracle of science. Safe, harmless ingredients used for skin and scalp disorders are combined in a bland golden fluid to bring back all the youthful beauty of your natural hair coloring—all the sheen and highlights of young, healthy, beautiful hair so perfectly and permanently that even a microscope could not reveal the secret.

If you are one of those who revolts against the use of dangerous dyes and "restorers," you need no longer tolerate the premature aging caused by

gray hair. Grayban, by an entirely natural process, brings back your own true color—permanently, beautifully. The same golden liquid renews the color of blond hair, brown hair, black hair or auburn hair. There are no harsh or injurious substances in Grayban. It is absolutely safe even for the most delicate hair texture, even for hair that has already been bleached, dyed, waved.

Easy to Use in the Privacy of Your Own Home

A few simple applications of this precious fluid and your hair grows young again—all the beauty of its natural color renewed! All its lustre and softness restored. You are certain of success with Grayban—no possibility of those ruinous mistakes that take years to correct!

Grayban, the miracle of science, is already being sold at the best stores. The introductory price of Grayban is \$3 complete. Grayban is sold on a money back guarantee.

THESE LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES FEATURE GRAYBAN

in their Toilet Goods Departments, and are equipped to give consultation and direction.

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SIX miles east of Venezuela, lies the island of Trinidad. There Grayban was born—and from there brought to America by Carmelita Gomez. But let her tell her story.

"When I returned to my native Trinidad, one of the first to greet me, was my old friend Diego Ibanez. I had remembered him as a man of middle years—with his massive figure and iron gray hair. Now he stood before me young and handsome—with a splendid head of chestnut brown hair. I could see at once his hair was not dyed... Soon he told me of a strange formula imprisoned in two bottles, a native secret of Trinidad. 'Take these bottles' he said. 'Try their contents on any head of gray hair. See for yourself how it coaxes back the natural color until the hair is the very shade that nature originally made it.'"

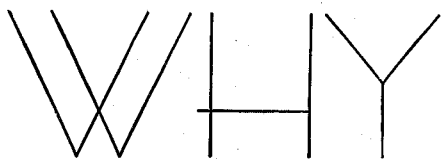
"Now, after a year of intensive scientific research we present his secret. It has been christened 'Grayban'. I shall be happy to meet those who wish to know more about Grayban, for private consultation at the Salon Gerardine, 15 West 46th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-3034, for appointment."

GRAYBAN

To Banish Gray Hair



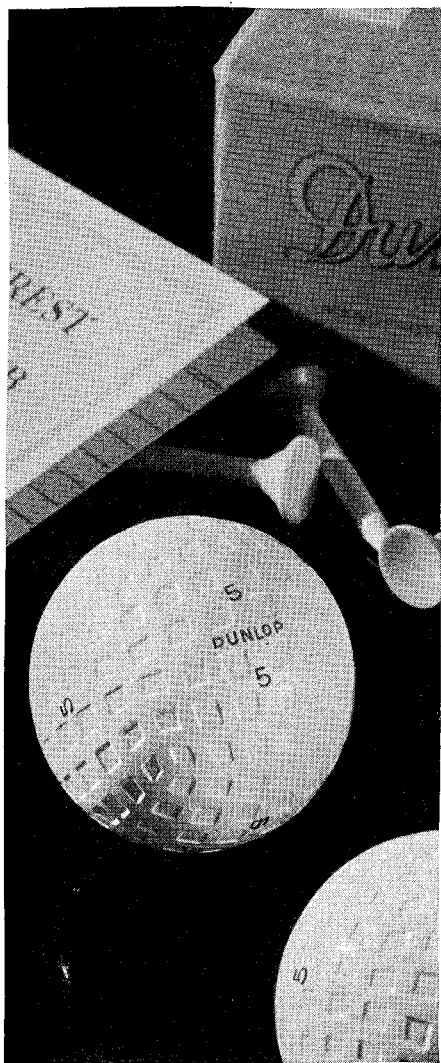
GRAYBAN is the first product for imparting color to hair that has ever been given the seal of approval of the Good Housekeeping Bureau. Conclusive evidence of Grayban's unfailing dependability. Grayban, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York. Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Sales Representatives, New York.



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You play golf for pleasure, why play anything but the best golf ball made? Try an Imported Dunlop on your next round. See for yourself the distance off the tee...the extra controllability on the green...the durability under punishing play. Your pro has Dunlops in stock...ask him today.

IMPORTED DUNLOP

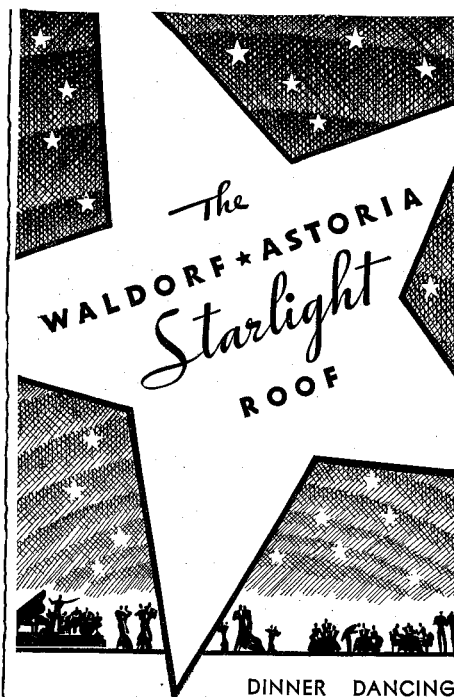


MESH MOLDED... MAX MARKED

lopes predominate. And every lid demands that you get after your hair all the way up the back, so that it is immaculate.

IN the headquarters of Lilly Daché, they are making considerable hoop-la about their Dachélastex. This is a material resembling a soft, dull wool, but threads of elastic woven cunningly through make the fabric stretch, and hats of it cling to any head size without becoming shapeless. I tried some on, and they felt marvellous. Daché likes hats low down the right side of the face, with little brims curling back as they ascend, to expose most of the left side of the head. There is a tendency to cut the brim off over the left temple and place a bow or other ornament there. One little black hat of Dachélastex has a silver chain across this gap, but that is only one of many ideas. They also like cutout work on hats around here: in great "V"s in the crown above a bow at the temple; on the top of a little brown gob hat, with three bands fastened with gold clamps crossing the hair there; in a picket-fence openwork band around the crown; or through the top on an evening turban of shirred velvet. Other whimsies of Daché are represented in a tight cap of lastex with that circular African fold shooting out in back, hats trimmed with buttons (the new thing being that the buttons are sewed on *under* the fabric), and a three-way hat with a brim and a chenille band. The bow that breaks the brim on this may be worn over the left temple, next to the right eye, or in back, with equally good effect. And there are a couple of cockeyed feather caps: one of curly, black-lacquered feathers; another of brown ostrich, pasted down with the effect of soft fur.

THE Zut! Alors! school of millinery, completely sophisticated and completely Parisian, is glamorously presented, as usual, by Nicole ("Smart Hats Are Nevair Young") de Paris. In some mysterious Gallic way, she picks hats that give you elegance that isn't formidable, and gaiety that isn't giggly. Maybe it is the way the Nicole minx slams them on your head, so that the least gust of wind will sweep them off, leaving you struggling to put them on again with the let's-go air that only she can achieve. Whatever it is, whether a hat of the marquise type with a semi-circular dip over the forehead and a delirious tilt up one side of the back, or one of the new Talbot tricorues, you



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SUPPER DANCING

JACK DENNY and his Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra... The André Taloff Argentines. • Couvert for Supper (after 10:30) \$2. • Also open for Breakfast and Luncheon. • On Sundays, a delightful Dinner-Concert and Movie-tone Pictures. • Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000, extensions 521, 522, 523. Automobile entrance via Driveway-West.



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CANADIAN NORTH
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RICHARD HIMBER

feel like a triumphant home-wrecker in one of them. These two hats, incidentally, have veils used in a new way: down one side of the hat only, and full and rippling over one shoulder. Look at the little twisted turbans, by Agnès and Talbot, that expose vast sections of your hair, some with mad bows hurtling from them. Look at an Agnès hat of ruby éponge stuff, tight to your head and decorated by a huge bow at the centre-back. Or at a demure little Mado felt with a tiny brim and a pert bow bing over the right temple. And then, just to tempt yourself to madness, regard the Talbot ensemble: white coq-feather cap over the right eye, shrouded by a ruby dotted veil; white coq-feather boa tied with a ruby ribbon on one shoulder; white gloves with feathers around the cuffs just below the elbow. It is to fall in a swoon, *mes amies*. You can find hats here that little mousies could wear without being swamped, as well as hats to be dared only by dashing women. But every one of them has a gaiety about it that would make your dearest friend take cyanide.

The three artists mentioned are in the twenty-thirt'-fort' price range, but you are consulting fashion-leaders, so don't yap.

THE hairdresser of the week is Louis Parme, at 7 East Fifty-fifth Street. By some voodoo wizardry, the man gave me a drastic new haircut that wasn't like anybody else's. This automatically makes him Head Man in my life until the next miracle comes along.
—L. L.

Mrs. Kenley stated her husband's employment caused him to be transferred to San Francisco, and that since being there he visits her only once a year and she is lonely and worried. She expressed the belief that he has been associating with other women.—*Los Angeles Herald Express*.

Now isn't it like a woman to think that!

To the Editor of the New York Times: This morning just before daybreak I was driving on my way home and was amazed to see many flags flying from houses on Fifth Avenue, which had been kept out all night. It is bad enough that we stand before the world disgraced by being at the mercy of gangsters. Let us have more respect for that beautiful flag of ours. A. M. M. CARETTE.—*Letter to the Times*.

How about your getting to bed a little earlier, too?



"THE MIRACLE YARN"

BRINGS NEW BEAUTY AND LUXURY
INTO THE REALM OF FASHION

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Spun as fine as Milady's hair, this unique yarn—the only elastic yarn in the world—now creates:

"LE CHAPEAU À TOUTES LES TÊTES"

Chic little hats designed by the world's greatest millinery artists to fit heads of every shape and size. Designed by Lilly Dache.

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EXQUISITE AND STARTLINGLY NEW LINGERIE
Woven with Lastex into the finest crêpes de Chine and the most delicate laces that sheathe the figure without ripple or wrinkle to give the perfect silhouette.

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SOFT AND LOVELY SHIRRED VELVETS AND
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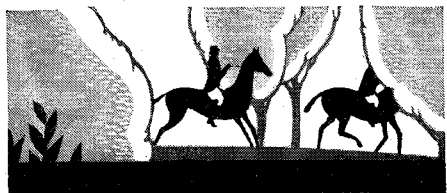


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In the heart of the city, yet not of it...in New York, yet surrounded by that delightful continental atmosphere...gay... charming...different...the rendezvous of sophisticates... of people who appreciate the beautiful vista of Central Park...and even more interesting are the rates...attractive, comfortable rooms as low as three dollars and a half per day... special weekly and monthly arrangements during the summer. The famous SKY SALON, with the city's lights twinkling below on every side... perfect for dinner and supper dancing... amid cool breezes, to Harold Stern's marvelous music.

And the last word for luncheon or tea in the European manner... the internationally famous rendezvous of RUMPELMAYER.

"You can park your car at the door."



THE RACE TRACK

A Dozen Two-Year-Olds — Saratoga Notes—About Those Paddock Delays

ASSUMING that the trip to Saratoga (what Malcolm Campbell says they are!) and the opening days have not been too much for you, we can settle down to the serious business of the straight, place, and show of racing. The change from the dust of Empire City to the green lawns and shaded paddock of the Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses was welcome. Still, how idyllic the meeting will continue to be depends on how many winners we back.



HORSES, horses, horses; mostly two-year-olds. Every season, we look forward to the running of the United States Hotel Stakes (to be held this weekend), the Saratoga Special (won by more topnotchers than any other sweepstakes for juveniles), the Spinaway, the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, and the Hopeful. While the top two-year-olds seen thus far are Caterwaul and Happy Gal (and remember, a good colt invariably will beat a good filly), there are a number of others who are on the border line of fame. The Pelican heads the list of chances and prospects with established form. Then there's W. R. Coe's Ladysman, who won the Arlington Futurity; and we've had good reports about the Greentree Stable's Uppercut, who is a half-brother to Parry. We were intrigued by the breeding of the Sagamore Stable's Nose In, who is by Eternal (who ran a match race with Billy Kelly) out of Happy Thoughts (who ran a match race with Sarazen). Even if he doesn't win the Special or the Hopeful, we like Ed Bradley's Blessed Event for his name. He is from Soul Mate.

As for those horses who have been reserved for Saratoga, we have Pook's Hill, a full sister to Boojum, owned by C. V. Whitney; Joe Widener's Hurryoff, a colt by Haste; George Widener's Sation, a colt by Galetian from Salacia, who was bred for speed; W. S. Kilmer's Sun Polysand, a colt by Sun Briar and Polyxena; and the Middleburg Stable's Did She, a filly by Macaw from Dinah Did.

DIOGENES CHECKPOINTS tells us that there are more than two

thousand thoroughbreds taking the waters, and that Equipose, who is looking well after his hard campaign at Chicago, will run for the Whitney Stakes next Saturday. The Honourable George has changed the observation post from which he watches the morning gallops—it's all very mysterious—and he's not going to tell anyone, not even Tom Shaw, what he sees. Oh, yes; Colonel Tantivy Martingale is here. ("Haven't missed a meeting at the Spa for forty-seven years, suh!") He arrived a fortnight ago and divided his time the first week between looking at Mr. von Stade's Bottle House and playing Beaver in Congress Park.

WE'VE always believed that races should be run at the scheduled time. Long waits in the paddock—particularly those forty-minute intervals before important events at the mutual tracks, where the management gives a thought to the dollar—upset nervous horses. We recall an afternoon at one of the winter tracks when post time had been delayed to give the visitors all the flourishes and ruffles. When we went into the paddock to look over a horse in whom we were interested, we found her trying to do everything except stand on her left ear, despite the efforts of two stablehands to keep her on the ground. The trainer seemed perturbed, too. "What's a matter with them stewards?" he said. "They hold up the race ten minutes, and this mare is all hopped up and ready to run." —AUDAX MINOR

Always, before tasting "Heigh-Ho" hold it to the light to appreciate its color, clarity, and polish. Then rotate it so as to swish the contents. Enjoy the bouquet (aroma) which the swishing brings out. Then taste. Take a small quantity in your mouth and roll it around.—*From a beverage booklet.*

Listen, we're an impetuous devil.

Mrs. Sindahl hatched our first brood of chicks. We got 150 layers and that was our start in the egg business.—*Los Angeles Record.*

Some good woman is usually at the bottom of a man's success.



Oasis

The Colonial Room is a cool, dark corner where the heat of the street rarely penetrates. Here you can slip in, pick up an appetizing Tray Bien, and lunch in comfort on the warmest days. The Tray Bien lunches are just large enough and just cool enough so that you can enjoy every bit of them in the sultriest weather.

The main restaurant, too, is cool and comfortable—a haven of refuge with a menu that offers novelty and variety for a hot-weather repast.

For dinner, the cool cleanliness and charming atmosphere make the good food taste even better. And the busses stop at the door for the best possible ride home.

The Game Room offers our guests pleasant after-dinner diversion in the way of Bridge, Camelot, Ta-Bowl, Kikit, Chess, Ping Pong, Checkers and Pit.

Dinner—including games—\$1.00.

Mary Elizabeth

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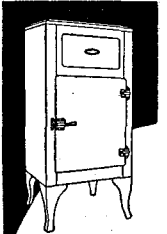
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cuisine for the epicure
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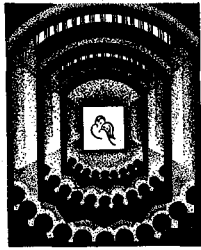
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bearing a nationally known and recognized name at a phenomenally low price. Not a midget. Incorporates all latest features—self contained and removable unit, temperature control for quick freezing, defrosting switch, flat bar shelves, perfect insulation, flat top, broom high legs, white porcelain interior, plenty of ice cubes. Also two other sizes: 4½ cu. ft. net capacity, \$89.50; 5½ cu. ft. net capacity, \$139.50. All prices F. O. B. factories, tax extra. Send for Booklet or see nearest Crosley dealer.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rebecca and the Zombies

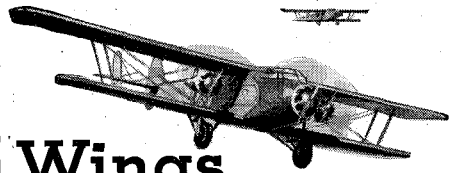


WHETHER "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" or "White Zombie" is the more gruesome movie I cannot say with any exactitude. In fact, at

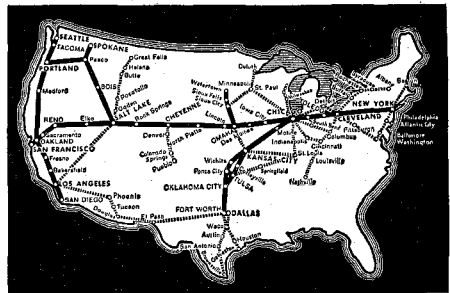
times one seems very much like the other. There is certainly a good deal of the zombie about Rebecca, and Bela Lugosi often suggests Louise Closser Hale in one of her more irate moods. I need hardly add that no such similarity was the purpose of the producers of these two films. One was to be the embodiment of sweetness and light, the other the essence of the horrors. Nothing in the zombie picture, however, was as creepy to me as the "sunniness" of that Rebecca as she runs about adopting stray infants, bringing them right into the house, reconciling married couples, softening the temper of that rich aunt of hers, whose acerbity had been obviously the one triumph of her career. On the other hand, the mooniness of Mr. Lugosi commands at times a welcome, refreshing titter.

Having achieved some success in "Dracula," Mr. Lugosi is now the official interpreter of the macabre on the screen, but he seems, at least in this picture, a stagy old party, just a bit of an old goose perhaps, as he stalks about in the gloom with contracted pupils, presumably of hypnotic powers. He is a sort of witch doctor, a magical person in this special treatise, which is based upon some superstition of the blacks of Haiti, one recorded, I believe, by Seabrook. It is a notion on this charming island, it appears, that the dead can be raised from the grave by this and that trick of devilry and enchantment, and be set to various tasks, naturally of a sinister purport. These dead things, then, are the zombies, and I am by no means uncertain that I haven't seen one or two of them running about New York, grabbing up a few bargains at the Liquidation Sales. Rebecca, of course, is Kate Douglas Wiggin's heroine, and she moved into the zombie class about twenty years ago.

"TOM BROWN OF CULVER" may not exactly recommend that academy to conservative parents who



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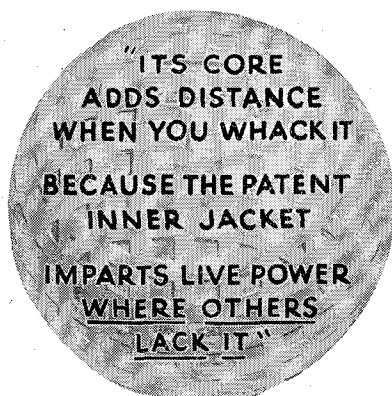
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743 Van Dyke Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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have concern with book learning. It would appear to be no Rugby, anyhow. There is a bit too much drilling in the movie, certainly, and the stress laid upon a sentimental duty to those of their relatives who died in the war may seem morbid in such youngsters. However, there is some humor, and a certain agreeable quality of youth is not lost. I preferred the picture to "The Man Called Back," which is mature enough; a little overripe in plot, indeed. The story travels from some place near Singapore to London, mostly by yacht, and covers a poisoning and a trial, an unhappy marriage, and complicated, though eventually happy, love. It's just routine drama with Conrad Nagel and Doris Kenyon, ideal for zombies.—J. C. M.

TO AN INSURANCE SOLICITOR

A niggardly annuity
At fifty doesn't seem to me
Sufficiently compelling to
Involve me now in letting you
Accommodate my shiftless nose
With any nonsense such as those
Insurance grindstones. I must say
If I'm to have a rainy day
I'd just as lief get good and soggy
As only damp and mildly groggy.

I'd rather have a fur coat now
Than crumbs at fifty anyhow.
I'd much prefer to join the dance
Right now, today, while I've the
chance,
Than cling to last year's clothes, and
wait
For some remote and dubious date
When I may have no place to go
Nor yet the inclination. . . . Oh,
I'm sure it would be far from thrifty
To save my fun until I'm fifty.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Two albino robins, highly interesting and rather rare oddities in the bird world, have been watched from hatching to early maturity at the home of H. D. Shaw of Grinnell, Iowa, and had their pictures taken by Miss Cornelia Clarke, nature photographer.

"The parents were normal in every respect," Miss Clarke writes, "except that the mother robin had two white tail feathers that were plainly visible when she was in flight. It is a curious circumstance that a white robin was seen near the Shaw home for several weeks the summer before the albinos were hatched."—*Science News Letter*.

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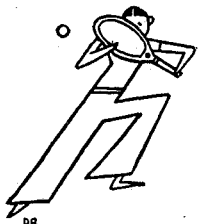
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THE TENNIS COURTS

Borotra Meets the Giant-Killer—Post-Mortem

PARIS, JULY 31

THERE they were: Borotra, the veteran, the volleyer of volleyers, daring, brilliant, impulsive. Vines, the hurler of thunderbolts, his junior by thirteen years, the young slayer of champions, dry, severe, concentrating upon one thing alone, the ball; upon one end alone, to send it back; upon one wish, to win the point. There they were—two worlds, two nations, two races, two players, two modes of expression in action—while all around in that electric atmosphere were those thousands and thousands of faces reaching up and up on every side: the Parisian crowd, with nerves taut and crisp, watching its warrior defend himself against the giant-killer from overseas.



The Basque, punching a backhand to the corner, hurled himself at the net. Vines parried with the coolest of lobs, deftly pitched; and as Borotra scampered back for the ball, we saw his face, visualized for a second the responsibility upon him, the agony and weariness he felt. His shirt clung to his body, his forehead ran water under his beret, his whole face was drawn; but somehow he stabbed the ball and sent it back. Vines retorted with a delicate drop-shot, bringing Borotra charging again into the forecourt only to wheel once more as the return went over his head. Back went the Basque, back, back; then, with a supreme effort, he drew himself up for the final thrust, his feet left the ground, and with a clean stroke he met the ball, smashing it deep into the corner beyond the American's long reach. Tumult reigned. Twelve thousand voices yelled approval, twelve thousand pairs of hands clapped in unison, while the little Frenchman beside me, unable to contain himself, half rose from his seat and said: "*Ah, les vieux champions se defendent bien.*"

Yes, the Old Guard dies but never surrenders. Unfortunately, at Roland Garros it did neither. The men who won the Davis Cup in 1927 were still good enough to hold it in 1932. The French gave away an average of ten years per man. But in tennis, morale and experience and, above all, nerves count. Further comment unnecessary.

If the Challenge Round showed Vines to be not quite the combination of Tilden, Tunney, and Albie Booth which he was heralded as after Wim-

bledon, it must be admitted that he was playing on a court unsuited to his game. But he played magnificently against Cochet, who was slack after the final result had been decided. Alison, who played pluckily against Cochet and pulled Van Ryn through the doubles, was the American hero; Borotra, the hero of the French side. Indeed, today the hero of all France.

FOR the past five years, the Americans have accumulated errors in preparing their Davis Cup campaign. Several seasons ago, they left Hunter, the only man who could beat Borotra, on the sideline; the next year, their team was trained to death by Kozeluh; the following summer, Lott, their best player, was not used in the singles. They send their team to Wimbledon without realizing that this tournament fatigues their champions, above all when the latter do not follow it up with the necessary rest.

The preceding paragraph was written by Didier Poulain in the *Paris Auto*. I agree with it. Nor am I one of those who believe that the fate of nations hangs on the issue of the Davis Cup. But what on earth is the sense of gathering a team, spending thousands of dollars, and conducting the campaign in the clumsy, inefficient manner that it is conducted, with the same mistakes made every year?

Both on the court and off, French generalship is superior to ours. It need not be. The recipe for a successful Davis Cup campaign is simple: Wash out Wimbledon. Pick the best team. Come to France in early July. Live at St.-Germain or Versailles, and not in a palace hotel on the Champs-Élysées. Practice intelligently and sparingly with a professional like Martin Plaa, the French trainer. That's all.

It was noteworthy this year that the Associated Press sent one man to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva and two men to the Challenge Round at Roland Garros. Quite right, too. For the Disarmament Conference accomplished nothing, whereas the Challenge Round showed that French sporting intelligence is infinitely superior, both among combatants and non-combatants, to the American variety. But did that need to be proved after the past few years? —JOHN R. TUNIS

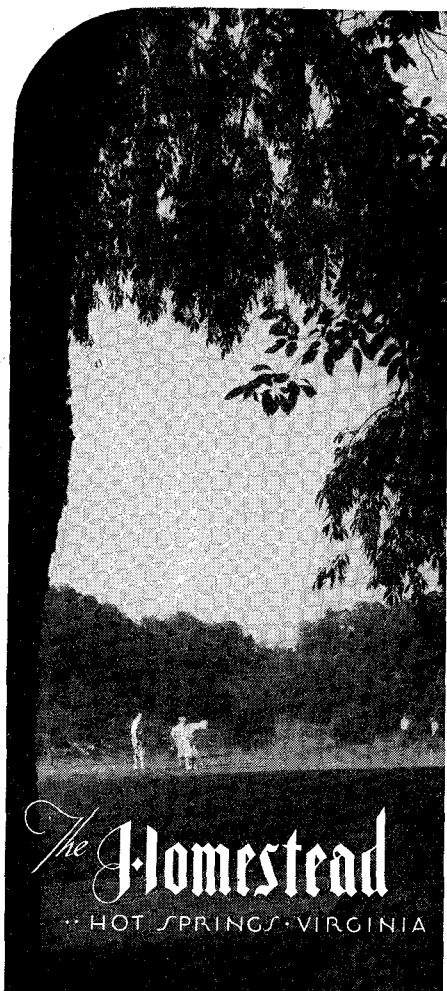


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A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND

AT one of the window tables of The Old Abbey—that one of the Adams chain of tearooms which Mrs. Adams called fondly her “bit of old England,” thus distinguishing it from the Adams bit of old Spain known as The Alhambra, and that bit of old Italy which Mrs. Adams had deftly named Little Venice—well, then, in the bit of old England, her umbrella over on that hook, her heavy tweed coat off and on a chair, herself on another chair, her gloves off and in her capacious handbag, well, finally, then, Mrs. Craig-Higgs settled down to the battle with the American menu:

Afternoon Tea.

Assorted sandwiches, orange marmalade, tea, coffee, or milk—65 cents. Waffles and coffee, with maple syrup—50 cents. (“Waffles and coffee at teatime!” thought Mrs. Craig-Higgs, unpleasantly, and wondering—but not enough to find out—what waffles were, anyhow.) Fruit salad, with hot rolls and choice of ice cream, and tea, coffee, or milk. Genuine English Devonshire Tea—Special at The Old Abbey—with *tea, coffee, or milk*—75 cents.

“Your order, Moddom?”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Craig-Higgs. “Oh. Um-m—the Devonshire Tea, I think.”

“One Deevonshire Tea. Coffee, Moddom?”

“Tea!” said Mrs. Craig-Higgs, looking up to give the waitress-person one look of definite reproof. But the look changed instantly into astonishment. The creature was extr’ord’n’ry, reahhly. She wore a full blue skirt, a black velvet bodice, and a housemaid’s cap; one sometimes saw such costumes at fêtes up Oxford way, dancing on the green, but in this case the person had an American accent and a pad and pencil.

“GOOD afternoon,” said a friendly voice.

Too friendly. Mrs. Craig-Higgs looked away from the receding medieval rustic back of the got-up waitress into the cordial blue eyes of a young woman in a Fifth Avenue black dress, and without a hat.

“I am the hostess. Is there anything you would like specially—anything English, I mean? You are English, aren’t you?”

“Oh,” replied Mrs. Craig-Higgs, a little dazed that anyone should ask such a personal question of a perfect stranger, and even more dazed that anyone should bother to ask anything

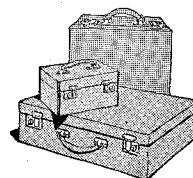
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so obvious. It had never occurred to her that anyone, anyone, might mistake her for anything else.

"We are always pleased when English people come into The Old Abbey. Mrs. Adams always says she hopes our English visitors will find it just like a little bit of old England in New York, because everything in it is genuine English, you see; the chairs, the tables, the fireplace, and even the beams in the ceiling are the real article, Madam. Well, here's your tea. Oh, you've had the Devonshire Tea, haven't you? That's our specialty, you know."

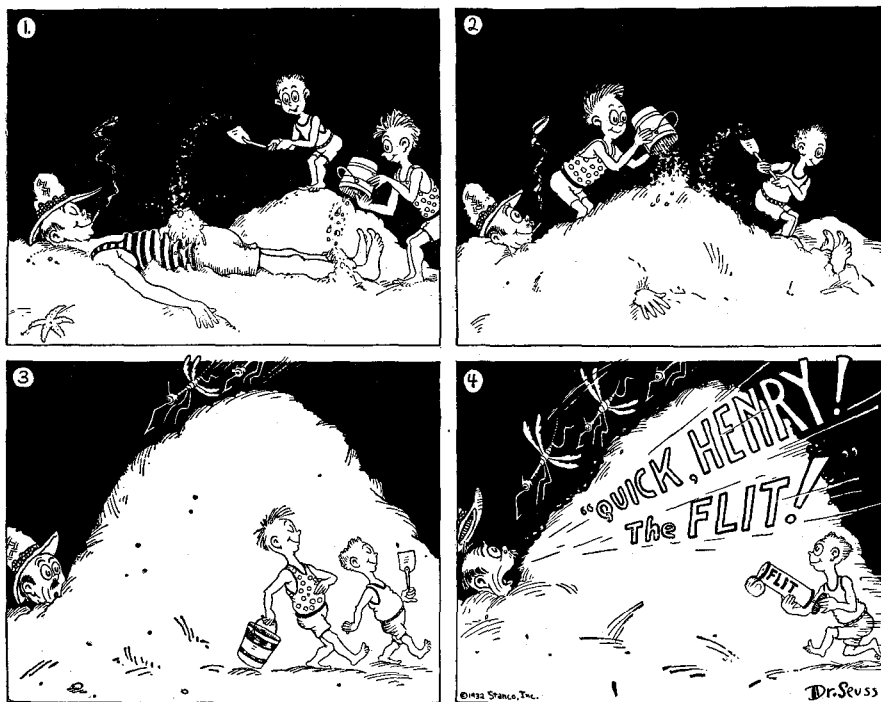
And it was a Devonshire tea. Thin bread-and-butter, strawberry jam, plumcake, cup cakes; the cream was even done up in a good imitation of Devonshire cream. But the tea! The tea was in those horrid little cambric bags they used out here! They were lying on the plate beside the pot of hot water. Hot, *not boiling*, water. One put them in the cup and poured the water on them, or one plopped them into the pot, keeping the extr'ord'n'ry labels clamped outside by means of the lid. In any case they made a vapid brew, which tasted of the cambric.

SADLY, then, and wearing that lean, desperate look which haunts the Englishwoman who wants her tea, real tea, Mrs. Craig-Higgs went out of The Old Abbey, that little bit of old England out in New York. And outside she happened to think of an English friend who had a house out here, and while it was not at all a proper hour for calling, she hailed a taxi and dropped down there. She was received in a drawing-room in which three varieties of chintzes vied with each other for dominance. There were vases from three continents and five epochs on the mantelpiece, and among them her friend's latest important invitations, from London of course, were displayed for the interested to peruse at their leisure. There was a foot-warmer. The parlormaid's shoes were run-over at the heels but her stockings were black lisle, and while two of her front teeth were missing, her manner and her coronet cap were perfection. There was a spirit lamp on the teatable which kept the water continuously boiling, and in Mrs. Craig-Higgs' flowery, even cracked, teacup three large olive-green tea leaves floated unrestrained.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs purred happily.

"My dyeh," she said, "your house is like a bit of England in New York, reahhly."

—FRANCES CRANE



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BOOKS

The West of Willa Cather —And the South Seas



IN her new book, "Obscure Destinies," published by Knopf, Willa Cather has collected three stories of the West of plains and prairie—of Omaha, Colorado, and Kansas—and so, having made a long journey from the Mexican border up to Quebec, she returns to the scenes of her earlier writings. It must be said, I think, that the scenes themselves are not so vivid now as they once were: the landscapes against which the figures in these stories move are as if etched, not colored, but perhaps that is because Miss Cather's art has grown more subtle, more sparing of emphasis with the passage of years. To have seen too bright the garishness of the prairie in "Neighbour Rosicky," to have felt too intensely the heat of the sandy plains in "Old Mrs. Harris," might have marred for the reader the quiet precision of the stories themselves.

For the characters are always delicately, beautifully alive, and yet there is a kind of phantom quality about them, too. Mrs. Harris, slaving at kitchenwork so that her lovely daughter may remain cool and unflurried, dying as it were hastily to keep the volunteer nurses of the neighborhood from learning the poverty of the household; Anton Rosicky, the little Bohemian farmer, working blithely in his cornfields, dying too in his turn, but with a patriarchal contentment, knowing that his son has made a happy marriage—one sees them all, clear-moving and yet somehow remote. The stories are laid in a time some thirty or forty years ago, and a kind of nostalgic sadness hangs over them all: it is as if, before beginning to read each story, one had been forewarned that all the characters in it were long since dead.

MY guess would be that, in writing "Faraway," just published by Harper, J. B. Priestley was mainly interested in a clever and amusing experiment: this being to take the good old-fashioned pirate-and-treasure-hunt plot and so clothe it in the commonplace as to make it completely plausible. If so, he has succeeded admirably. His hero is a prosperous, and rather dull,



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young businessman, and the treasure he hunts is not a keg of doubloons, but a deposit of radium-bearing pitchblende; the pirates he encounters carry no swords, but come armed with political documents, aboard a Chilean cruiser. He falls in love, to be sure, with the lovely South Sea siren, but it's a proper English girl he finally marries, and he returns to England in the end to settle down, quite prosaically, to his business again. All this is done most adeptly, with that good-humored realism Mr. Priestley can command. I imagine he had a very good time writing it and you'd probably have a good time reading it, too.

I'VE a number of other books to mention briefly. If you liked Marion Nicholl Rawson's "When Antiques Were Young," I think you'd also like her "From Here to Yender," published by Dutton: a book about old inns, post roads, and the traveller's life generally, a century or so ago. As the "yender" in the title will indicate, Mrs. Rawson has an almost fatal failing for underscoring quaintness wherever encountered, but she does know her subject, and I found the book very entertaining.

Doubleday, Doran offer a couple of "omnibus" books for weekend readers: "Nothing But Wodehouse," a book of selections from the master's works, edited by Ogden Nash, and "The London Omnibus," full of all sorts of things from the livelier British writers, with an introduction by Carl Van Doren. Each volume contains an incalculable number of pages—which, after long thought, is about all the praise I can offer.

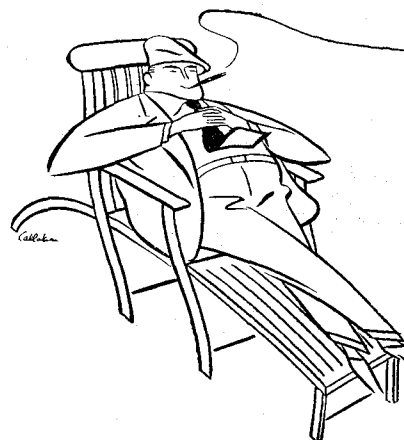
I wish I had room to say more about "Three Fevers," by Leo Walmsley, published by Knopf. As it is, I'll just say that it's a remarkably fine novel of life among the fishermen on the north coast of England, which captures the freshness and lucidity of Hemingway without being in the least imitative of his style. It's an excellent book, and you'll want to read it.

—R. M. C.

Lawrence Rickenraud and Willis Knight have swapped wives. Each got a divorce. Then the two men were married to each other's wives in a double wedding. Now the five Knight children call Rickenraud "daddy" and the two Rickenraud children vice versa.—*Minot (N.D.) Herald*.

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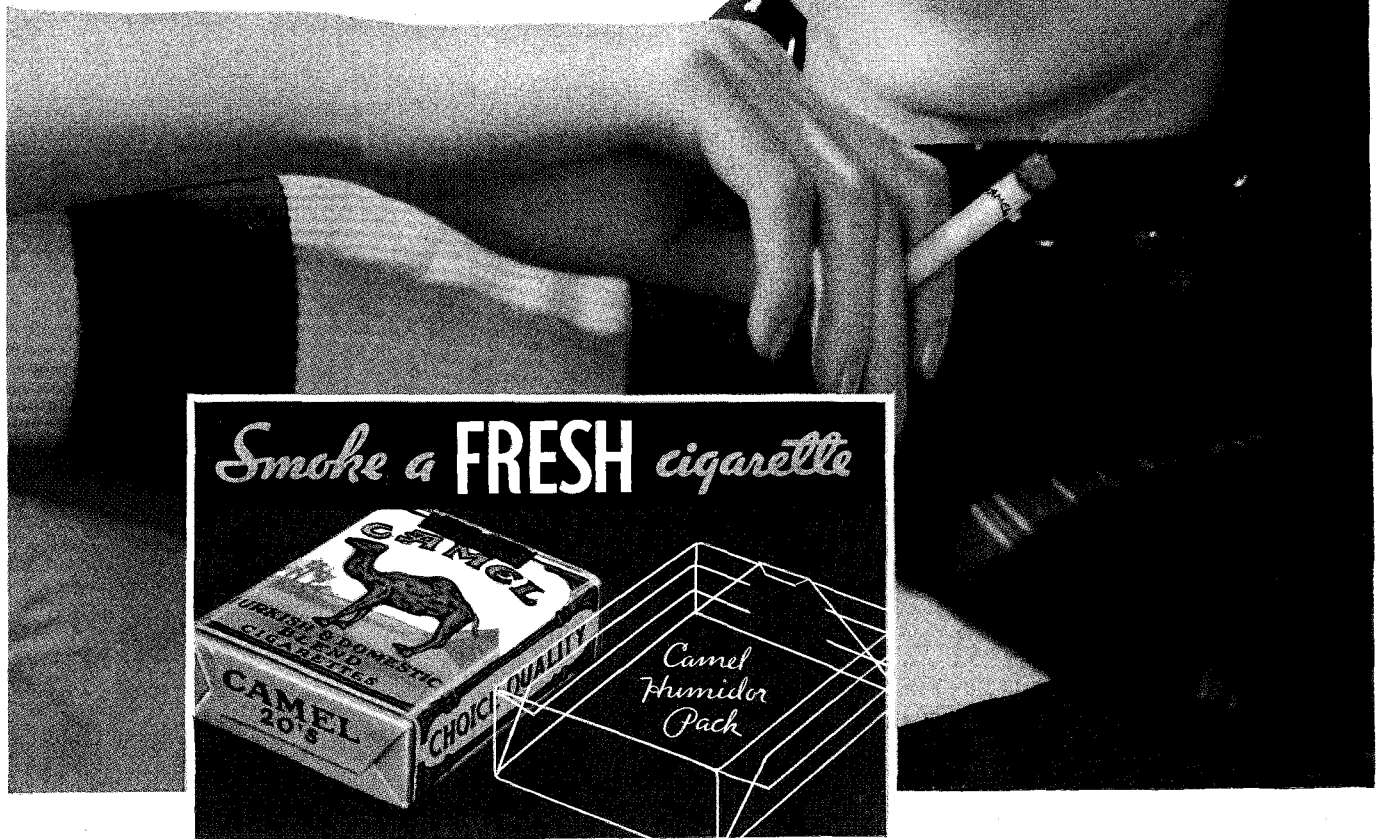
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